

# The Australian **WOMEN'S WEEKLY**

Over 500,000 Copies  
Sold Every Week

July 10, 1943

Published in Australia for  
transmission by post as a  
newspaper.

PRICE

3<sup>d</sup>





# Take Charge Darling!

By ROSEMARY E. JEANS

**P**RUNELLA BLAND had scarcely recovered from the first shock of her disappointment over the telegram telling her that Terry's leave had been postponed when she received his second telegram:

"Jim Leder on leave from June 26th. Arriving Dansford late train. Take charge, darling!"

It was typical of Terry to expect his wife to carry on his absolutely traditional hospitality. When she married him his family had warned her that it dated back to the days of his extreme youth as a toddler. They had seemed very relieved to pass the responsibility on to her, but Prunella had stood up to it well.

Now, from the depths of her memories of R.A.F. friends about whom Terry had told her, Prunella revived the name of Jim Leder, an Australian, and still a comparative stranger in England, but one of the best, and great company, according to generous, friendly Terry.

Prunella met the late train in the greying twilight of the long June evening. She recognised Jim by his tall, alert boyishness and his friendly smile. He recognised Prunella by the dainty freshness, and the sweet, frank charm which Terry had described to him. The mutual first impression was good, and Prunella gave Jim a warm welcome for Terry's sake, but she added:

"I suppose Terry has told you that I live alone at the cottage, so I can't put you up there. You will find the local hotel comfortable, and I am at your service to show you the sights, if you have no other plans."

Jim laughed, with an enchanting twinkle of bright, brown eyes. "Suits me," he said, "what's on tonight?"

So the local gossips received their first surprise in the piece to see young Mrs. Terry Bland out for supper and dancing with a strange but immensely attractive airman, who was certainly not her husband, both

of them evidently enjoying each other's company to the full. Prunella was not slow to notice it.

"We are getting into the news already," she told Jim gleefully.

Jim laughed, too. That seemed to be the thing he did best. "How long will it take us to get into the head-lines?"

"Not long, at this rate."

"Where are you going to take me to-morrow?" he asked, some time later, as he was helping Prunella into her wrap, before they began to walk home.

Prunella had planned to visit her mother, in London, but, looking into those friendly eyes, she shelved her own plans.

They met early next day outside the Post Office, Prunella carrying a knapsack of picnic fare that was speedily transferred to Jim's shoulders.

That was a golden day of sunshine and happiness up in the hills beyond the town. Jim told Prunella all about his home, his life there, and his home folk, unfolding for her such a vision of homeliness and peace on their sheep station back in New South Wales, so far away as it seemed from the horror and the demoralising fears of the front line of war, that Prunella sighed.

"It sounds like an air-raid victim's dream of heaven," she said.

In the sympathy of such intimacy shared they drew very close together. Time fled past unnoticed. It was late in the twilight of the long summer evening when they returned to Prunella's cottage—too late to go anywhere else, so they sat among the roses in Prunella's garden and talked again till supper time. Then came supper, in Prunella's own superb fashion.

"Gosh! Woman," said Jim, appreciatively, "if you were not already married I would marry you for your cooking."

Prunella pretended annoyance. "Folk say that is why Terry married me."

Afterwards there was more lingering talk in the moonlit garden.



"Thanks for the greatest time in recent history," Jim said airily.

It was at a fairly late hour that the wife of the Rev. John Sprock, passing the cottage on her way home from visiting a friend, saw Prunella escorting Jim down the path to the front gate of the cottage, and heard those words which sent her scurrying on her way with shocked and burning ears.

Jim was saying, in a voice vibrant with deep feeling: "Prunella, my dear, why didn't I meet you sooner? How different life might have been since I arrived in England!"

Neither Mrs. Sprock nor her reverend husband slept that night. Terry Bland had been a great favorite with them both ever since his days as a choirboy at St. Andrew's.

The well-meaning Rev. John waylaid Jim on his way to meet Prunella next morning. Being a man of frank and uncompromising, though friendly, disposition, he came straight to the point, after the exchange of greetings.

"I hate to speak of painful duties, sir, but my wife and I have a very deep regard for Terry Bland, and we feel that we cannot stand aside and watch his domestic happiness being broken while he is away on duty for his country. I appeal to you—"

It was a few moments before Jim had realised the significance of this speech. Then his amazement gave way so speedily to such irresistibly spontaneous chuckles of surprised amusement that the Rev. John Sprock had departed in hasty indignation, and was hurrying home to share his grief with his kindly old wife before Jim had time to collect himself sufficiently to explain and apologise.

There followed such a happy day with Prunella that he forgot to tell her about the morning's incident. Time for pleasure seemed so brief and so precious that disharmonious incidents slipped naturally into a blurred background to the brightly colored days.

In the meantime the gossips were becoming more and more upset about the trend of events. It was from the height of this frenzy that the elderly Miss Aggie Flint decided that it was her "painful duty" to enlighten Terry himself, no matter what the consequences might be. Accordingly, she wrote directly to him, and told him how his wife and his friend were behaving; not that she knew much, but she could imagine more.

To that letter she signed her full name. She was no believer in anonymity.

His superior officer, seeing Terry smiling over the letter a day or so later, asked him: "What is the very joyful news, friend?"

Terry calmly made the astonishing reply: "Best friend carrying on disgracefully with my wife. Don't tell anyone, will you?" And he subsided into unfeignedly mirthful chuckles.

On the final day of his leave Prunella saw Jim off at the station. Those of the gossips who happened to be conveniently handy watched the parting with interest. To those who hoped for something dramatic or furtive it was disappointingly simple. A last-minute rush from the hotel to catch the train; then Jim briefly and heartily shook hands on the platform with his "partner in crime."

"Thanks for the greatest time in recent history," he said airily.

"Won't I just tell the folks at home about it? Don't forget to come out to Australia after this beastly dog-fight is over." Then he was gone.

"What exactly did he mean by that?" whispered Miss Aggie to her great friend, Mrs. Peters, but they had to admit that they could not make much of it. They were rather put out when Prunella turned to them with a cheerful smile as the train pulled out and asked if they were also seeing someone off by that train.

"The sharp-tongued little cat!" said Mrs. Peters behind Prunella's retreating back.

"Oh, there'll be trouble enough for her when her husband comes home," Miss Aggie comforted her friend.

Two days later Terry arrived on his delayed leave. To celebrate the great occasion, Prunella drove the now rarely used car to the station, and let him drive them home again. There was supreme comfort in sitting beside him again, and simply watching his strong hands guiding the steering-wheel of the car, tasting a short respite of security after all the nerve-straining, lonely months that he had been away.

There was so much to talk about in happy comradeship, so much lost

time to make up. It was almost like being married again, with all their vows of fellowship silently renewed.

Not until they were relaxing after dinner and talking of this and that, and particularly the new job that Prunella was about to take as cook in a canteen, did Terry mention Jim.

"By the way, Jim asked me to kiss you 'Good-bye' for him, darling." He gave his wife a bear's hug that would have done great credit to Jim. "He said that he was too shy to do it himself. You certainly gave him a great time, my lass, and he was one man who thoroughly enjoyed your cooking. He declared that you were a wonderful conversationalist, too; you knew how to listen. Said he wished he had met you long ago so that he could have spent his leave down here before this. You evidently made a tremendous hit with him."

Prunella gently stroked Terry's smooth cheek, so close to her own. She laughed: "Made a hit with him! Do you think it is possible? He did nothing but talk about his own Isabel, and the love-nest they are planning to make back there after the war. I've never met a more devoted swain."

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# "The BATTLE of the ANTS"

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OF NEW SOUTH WALES

By...

**ERNST  
BEHRENDT**

**L**IEUTENANT GEORGE D. FAIRCHILD did not have to look at his watch to know that it was six o'clock. Every morning at six the igooquai squeezed through the mosquito netting around his hammock and roused him more reliably than any alarm clock.

The igooquai were small, almost imperceptible, gnats which flew from the jungle across the stream and descended on his island in incredible numbers. They came at six and left at seven when the tropical sun had warmed the air. In the intervening hour Lieutenant Fairchild was under the impression that all the flying bloodsuckers of British Gambia were holding a convention in his cabin.

He reached for the radio transmitter to send his morning message to Bathurst, the British seaport down at the coast. The set crumbled under his hands. One glance at the wreckage told him that, overnight, termites had eaten all of the radio that was not glass or metal.

"Filthy vermin," Fairchild said to himself. He was alone in the cabin. The day before Johnson and McAllister had gone on a scouting trip to the frontier of French West Africa. Fairchild did not expect them back until afternoon.

He snapped a centipede from his shirt and thoughtfully got into his trousers. Something ought to be done about those insects.

Not that the destruction of the transmitter really mattered. He never had anything important to report to Bathurst, and as soon as Johnson and McAllister were back he was to start to the coast himself on furlough. He did not suppose anything important would happen to-day. There had never been Axis troops in the neighborhood, and Fairchild could not think of any base they might come from.

Unless, of course, they came from Dakar in French West Africa, which was not likely.

Personally, however, Fairchild considered the destruction of the transmitter a defeat, a new phase in his losing battle against vermin. It was one thing to guard the British Empire and another thing to let himself be eaten alive by flies and gnats and ticks.

He had made up his mind about what hardships he could bear cheerfully. He could ignore the heat, doubly oppressive now, before the start of the rainy season. He could disregard the remote danger of meeting an Axis soldier in the jungle and the more concrete one of meeting a leopard or a gorilla. But he drew the line at vermin.

Small, crawling animals were the most obnoxious and superfluous things in the world. Putting up with them was beyond his dignity and, he assured himself, even beyond his duty.

Unfortunately, the lower animal world was oblivious of his feelings. They had long ago started to invade his island. Flies, gnats, and beetles came by air; roaches, spiders, and scorpions arrived on leaves and driftwood; rats and snakes swam across the stream. They pierced the mosquito netting, evaded traps, and seemed to thrive on poison spray. Still, the termites were a surprise. They could have come neither by air nor water.

Fairchild surveyed his island. It was hardly more than thirty feet long and twenty wide. In its centre



From behind the termite hill, Fairchild saw the Nazis working feverishly in front of his hut.

was the cabin, a strange structure, half of corrugated iron, the other half of logs because there had not been enough of the iron. On one side the island faced a strip of jungle, half a mile deep and broken only by an animal trail. On the other side a dozen feet of water separated it from a sandy plain dotted with termite hills.

Obviously, the termites had come from there.

Fairchild examined the shore of his island and found that a floating tree was wedged between it and the mainland. The termites must have crossed the stream over this bridge. He kicked the tree loose, wondering how many termites had been stranded on the island. They might eat the wooden portion of the cabin. But that was Johnson and McAllister's problem. He was returning to Bathurst the moment they came back. He had earned a furlough from the vermin.

Seven o'clock. There was no mistaking the painful bite of the large

yellow iboco fly, which always appeared at seven and could be relied upon to torment him until three. Fairchild decided to leave the island and try to shoot a gazelle. He was tired of living on canned meat and biscuit, especially since grubs had got into the cans, and rats gnawed the biscuit.

Somebody ought to invent a combination spray and machine-gun. Maybe that would stop the vermin.

For his hunting trip he chose less formidable weapons. As the day promised to be particularly hot—the iboco were stinging more than furiously—he contented himself with a gun and a revolver. Armed with them, he waded across the stream to the watering trail on the other side.

There were a thousand times more insects in the jungle than on the island. Every branch showered him with flies and mosquitoes. The green, moist, semi-darkness was alive with gnats, moths, and dragonflies. Crawling, wriggling, and fly-

ing creatures got into his eyes and clothes. But in spite of the itching they caused, Fairchild walked on.

He was bent on hunting, and he knew there was plenty of game half a mile ahead where the jungle ended and the grassy plain began.

There was no game in the jungle, but there were other animals. From above, where leaves and vines formed a solid dome above the trail, came the chatter of monkeys. Fairchild had never heard so many monkeys at one time. They were unusually excited, and swung in great haste over branches and creepers. The parrots were even more numerous. Their screams filled the air; the birds fluttered excitedly in the foliage, and did not seem at all disturbed by his presence.

But what really made Fairchild uneasy was what he heard rather than what he saw.

Weird sounds came from behind the trees. The air was still, yet the leaves rustled mysteriously. He was startled by the nightmarish cries of owls, usually quiet during the day. He heard the unmistakable sounds of large animals breaking through the undergrowth.

He went cautiously on. The plain was near, but the closer he approached it the more alive the jungle grew. There was a strange stir behind the green walls. The very leaves and vines seemed to crawl and flutter.

Fairchild stepped on processions of caterpillars and centipedes. Hideous toads, wood lice, spiders with inch-long legs, hopped, crept, and ran along the trail. The screeching of the parrots swelled to a deafening pandemonium.

Please turn to page 4



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# The Battle of the Ants

Continued from page 3

ALL of them—monkeys, birds, vermin—were headed away from the grassy plain and towards the stream. There was some unknown danger ahead, more formidable than a leopard or gorilla, something which all the creatures feared, monkeys and worms alike.

Fairchild told himself this could only be fire. But when he stepped out of the jungle into the plain the wide expanse of grass and bush lay green and quiet under an overcast sky. It was too quiet. The plain was deserted. There was no game, not even the eternal flies and beetles. The only living thing was a large grey parrot.

The parrot was flying in erratic circles. Suddenly it spun violently and hit the ground. Its wings fluttered once or twice; then it lay stiff on its back.

Fairchild stooped to pick it up, but the moment he touched it he jumped back with a cry of pain. Ants were already crawling on the dead bird, and one had viciously bitten his finger. He tried to brush the insect off. It held firm. Finally Fairchild tore it away. Its head stuck in his flesh.

Vermin again. But this time the deadliest vermin in the world. Fairchild was not deceived by their small number. These few ants on the dead bird were forerunners of the most formidable army in the jungle. They were the dreaded bashikuay.

All at once he knew why the monkeys and birds had paid no attention to him. When the bashikuay were on the move other animals had only one thought—flight. The bashikuay moved along

the ground and killed lizards and snakes. They clambered up trees and raided birds' nests.

They attacked everything that lived, grasshoppers and large mammals, and once they reached its eyes even an elephant was lost.

Fairchild advanced a few steps on to the plain. There were no bashikuay to be seen; they must be further down along the edge of the jungle. But he knew he must retreat at once along the trail and cross the stream to his island, or perhaps even to the other side where the termite hills stood.

The air was quiet. There was no sound but the hum of beetles. It was a deep, steady sound, which somehow irritated Fairchild, since he could not see any insects. The sound swelled until it was a powerful drone. He looked up. The next second he flung himself on the grass. A large aeroplane was flying over the jungle, its wings marked with black swastikas.

It veered to the right, away from the plain and towards the stream. Suddenly Fairchild saw black missiles drop from it. One, two—he counted six. Then a seventh dropped a little farther away. A few minutes later the missiles blossomed into seven white parachutes.

Fairchild was too surprised to understand at once. It was impossible that the Germans should try to land troops in Gambia. There were no bases from which they could take off. There was only Dakar in French West Africa.

The last of the parachutes was floating down behind the jungle trees. The plane had disappeared. Fairchild lay in the grass, unable to decide what had happened or what he should do about it. Everything seemed unreal. Perhaps it had not been a German plane. Perhaps there had not been a plane at all.

An agonising pain in his leg made him jump to his feet. The bashikuay. He had forgotten them. He squashed the ant on his leg, and shook half a dozen from his clothes.

The sting had brought him fully alive. There had been a German plane, and parachutists had descended near his outpost. He did not bother about why they had done so, but he knew he had to stop them. If he was lucky he could get to his island before the Germans. They seemed to have floated to the ground about a mile upstream on the near side of the river.

He could run along the jungle trail, and if he reached his cabin first he might be able to hold it until Johnson and McAllister returned. In the meantime he would broadcast a warning to the garrison at Bathurst. Running towards the trail he remembered how the termites had wrecked his transmitter. Vermin again. But even so, he would try to hold his island.

He reached the beginning of the trail. The dead parrot—no, there was no parrot. There were only grey feathers around a bare skeleton. Fairchild gasped. It seemed impossible that the ants could have stripped the large bird of every trace of flesh. But they had done just that. And thousands of ants were swarming around the parrot.

But where could they have come from? Fairchild was so perplexed that he momentarily forgot the Germans and stood staring at the many small holes in the ground. Streams of large brown ants were pouring out of them. Each hole looked like a subway exit at the height of a peak hour—there was the same hustling and pushing. But there the similarity ended. Instead of hurrying off in different directions, the crawling throngs acted as if they were guided by plan.

Fairchild was fascinated by the strange spectacle. He forgot that the bashikuay were ants, vermin. The moment they left one of their holes they organised into formation.

Two ants, slightly larger than the rest, stepped out of line and turned so that their heads faced the marching column. They were motionless except for the vibrations of their antennae. The antennae, swaying like minute aerials, seemed to send messages, and the soldiers kept marching.

There were other officers, farther up and down the line. They always stood in pairs and a few inches to the right and left of the columns.

After a while the officers stepped forward and joined their column again. At the same moment two new ants took their positions to the right and the left.

This was not a wild, locust-like swarming; it was a planned, organised campaign. Looking down at the bashikuay, Fairchild felt like an observer in a manoeuvre watching a regiment march to the front. And there was more than one regiment. Each of the numberless holes sent crawling legions to the surface. They radiated into the jungle.

Some columns merged into broader streams; others, obeying a mysterious command, swarmed to the right and left, on the ground or up the plants and trees.

Close to the spot where Fairchild stood there was a sudden commotion in the ranks of the nearest column. The bashikuay had discovered a fat, green caterpillar. A few dozen soldiers rushed towards it while the officers looked on motionless. There was something terrifying about the brutal swiftness with which the ants attacked. In no time the caterpillar had disappeared.

In sudden terror Fairchild realised that the color of the trail had changed. It had been green. Now it was much darker. Every inch of the path was alive with ants.

His way back to the island was cut off unless he could try to cross the pathless jungle. And that would be suicide. He had seen columns of ants sweep across the vines and creepers and fallen trees. In the thick of the jungle he would not be able to move fast enough to evade them.

But he could not remain where he was. He had nothing to eat or drink. During the day he would be safe, but if at night the bashikuay turned back toward the plain he would be lost. The only way was to try to outflank the ants by wandering along the edge of the jungle until he was at a safe distance, then cutting across to the river.

But this would take time. And Fairchild had no time. Amazed at the spectacle of the crawling armies, he had forgotten the Germans. Now the vision of the seven parachutists returned with great clarity. There were seven German soldiers set to seize his outpost, if they had not seized it already.

All at once the strategic implications became clear to Lieutenant Fairchild. His outpost was the only point of military importance in the whole hinterland of Bathurst.

Please turn to page 14

## CHILDREN'S NIGHT COUGHS STOP QUICK SWEET SLEEP RETURNS

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# YOU HAVE TO USE DIPLOMACY

By HURD BARRETT

**H**ANNIBAL SCIPIO SMITH, also known as the Efficiency Kid, and Skip, leaned forward in the seat of the light plane he was flying, and emitted a sigh of complete ecstasy.

He throttled the sixty-horsepower engine, drew the control wheel gently towards his lean midriff, kicked the rudder and "peeled" the little ship off into a cautious dive.

Through the plane's windshield he could see the eighteen buildings of Western Aircraft's defence-enlarged plant. At about fifteen hundred feet he reached forward and tripped an entirely imaginary bomb-release lever.

"Boom!" he said. "Boom! Boom! Boom!"

"Huh?" said a feminine voice, beside him. "What did you say?"

Skip eased the ship out of the dive, and rubbed his cheek vigorously with his hand. He had forgotten Miss Henrietta Marlin was with him; and it would hardly do to tell her he had been pretending to be an Army dive-bomber over enemy territory. Women didn't understand that a man had to let his imagination go every once in a while. He cleared his throat in the nearest approximation of the "Boom!" sound, grinned foolishly, and said, "Nothing. I have a frog in my throat."

"You haven't either," said Miss Marlin. "You were playing war. Tony told me all about it. Tony Marlin was Henrietta's father and Skip's boss at the Western Aircraft Company."

"He did?" said Skip, eagerly. "What did he say?"

"He said you'd made application for a second lieutenant's commission in the Air Corps. And he said it was a fool idea. I'm quoting him. He said he needed you to get the new assembly line started; and that he was going to write and tell the Army he couldn't spare you."

The light plane gave a sudden, violent lurch. Skip righted it and scowled.

"Look!" he said grimly. "I own a commercial pilot's licence, a college degree, and special aircraft training. I'm twenty-three years old, and healthy; and the Army needs pilots. Why shouldn't I join up if I want to?"

"The Army needs men to build planes for pilots to fly, too," said Henrietta sagely.

Skip scowled. "I know," he said modestly. "And men with my ability are scarce. Pilots are even scarcer, though. I—"

"Um-hm!" said Henrietta dreamily.

"Well, anyway," he said carefully, "I can always go to Canada and fly. They need pilots."

Henrietta appeared not to have heard him. She laid her head on his shoulder and murmured, "I think it would be nice if you'd kiss me."

He kissed her. And felt a pang of regret that the Air Corps frowned on officers below the grade of first lieutenant being married.

"It's awfully cold in Canada, Skippy," said Henrietta drowsily.

"Huh?" said Skip. Then, "Yes, it is!" And so much for that! He thought triumphantly. She'll tell Tony; and Tony won't write the letter. He'd a lot rather have me in our Army than with the Limies!

The next day was Monday, and Western's vast plant was buzzing with grief. Skip—who had recently been promoted to the post of assistant production manager—came in at seven-fifteen to find the usual accumulation of foremen's notes stacked in the wire basket on his desk. He sorted them. Kelly, in the machine shop, was short seventeen hundred aluminium alloy "bathtub" castings for the WB-31.

"Swell!" muttered Skip, with sarcasm. "Just ducky!" He picked up the phone and called McGee, in Material Procurement.

"Where are those W.A. Five-dash-thirty-three-forty-fives?" he asked. "Kelly's screaming his head off."

"They haven't been shipped," McGee told him. "Foley Casting's got a strike on. I think it's a fine situation when a country like this lets—"

"What've you got in excess stock?"

"Not a thing."

"Got any five-eights bar?"

"No. We've had it on order for three months, but I don't know when it'll be in."

"That's right. Alum Products have got a strike, too," Skip pondered a moment. Then: "Look! That static-test model of the B-61 that's lying out in the north yard. There's a lot of big extrusions in it. Get Pulforth to write me a stock substitution authorizing S.S. 650-24 ST extrusions, and I'll get an order to pull the test job to pieces. We'll let the machine-shop hog us out enough fittings to last until Alum gets its strike settled."

McGee sounded dubious: "Gee, Skip, I don't know. What would they say if they caught us using second-hand material?"

"What they don't know won't hurt 'em!" said Skip impatiently. "The stuff's all right. I'll have it all rock-welded, and then throw it back in stock."

"But—" protested McGee.

"Look," said Skip. "The party's on me. It isn't as if the material weren't okay. It's just a moth-eaten old regulation that doesn't mean anything. Besides, I don't care if they do can me. I'll be in the Army in another week." He paused. "As a matter of fact," he said speculatively, "I'd just as soon be canned. Then Tony Marlin couldn't hold up my Air Corps commission."

"How are you making out on that?" asked McGee.

"Not so good," said Skip. "Tony says he won't let me go."

"So you're going to get yourself canned to fool him?"

"It mightn't be a bad idea," said Skip reflectively.

"HAR-umph!" said a voice from the doorway behind Skip. He didn't bother to turn. He knew who it



was. "See you later," he told McGee hastily, and hung up.

Tony Marlin was standing in the doorway, his habitually wicked gleam in his eye.

He glowered at Skip, and growled: "Get into my office. I want to talk to you."

"Yes, sir," said Skip, hastily.

Tony slammed the office door behind him, said, "Sit down!" and lowered his barrel-like body into the big chair behind his big desk.

"What I can't figure out," he began truculently, "is how you can be so dumb. I've given you my reasons why you shouldn't go. Can't you get the picture?"

"Yes, sir," said Skip. "Your side of it. But I think it's a wrong interpretation of the facts. I think—"

The phone rang. Tony answered it, and passed the hand-set to Skip. "It's for you," he growled. Skip took it.

"You're out of luck on those B-61 test wing-beam extrusions," said McGee's voice. "They hauled them away for scrap. Now what?"

Skip sighed. "Okay," he said. "Send a man up here with a wooden box. I've got about forty pieces of 24 ST bar stock ditched out in my lower desk drawer. I've been saving it for an emergency; and I guess this is it."

"You know," said McGee, relievedly, "sometimes I'd like to cut your throat. I could have used that stock last week. But thanks, I'll send somebody up right away." He hung up.

"What's the matter?" asked Tony. Skip told him.

"You see?" said Tony plaintively. "Who else but you would have thought of using those B-61 extrusions? And who else would have ditched out that bar stock. You smooth over so many difficulties—I don't know how—straight, kid, I can't let you go."

Skip said, "You've got to. There's nothing anyone can do to stop me. You can smooth over troubles. You just have to use diplomacy."

Tony didn't answer for a moment. "I warn you, kid," he said at last, "when you come up before that board to-morrow there's going to be a letter there from me, saying that I don't think it's in the best interests of the national defence for you to leave this factory." He stared at Skip with smouldering eyes. "So you see your Canada bluff didn't work, my boy."

Skip stared back coldly.

"I'm not bluffing," he said finally. "If you write that letter, and they turn me down, I'll go."

Skip spent the rest of the day straightening out one mess after another. It was all ticklish work

"I think it would be nice if you'd kiss me," murmured Henrietta.

—work that required a thorough knowledge of the business.

The day ended at last; but the whistle had blown a good hour before Skip finally got up from his desk, sighed, filed a welter of the day's unfinished grief in the row of neat pigeonholes he carried in the back of his mind, and went home.

At nine-thirty next morning, Skip put in his appearance at the Air Corps office in Long Beach. At nine-forty he left the building with his face red and his fists clenched; and thirty minutes later he stalked into Tony's office.

Tony looked up from his desk. "So they turned you down?"

"You ought to know," said Skip, through his teeth.

Tony nodded. "And now," he said jovially, "I suppose you'll be leaving for Canada. Or was that just a bluff?"

Skip was churning inside like a cream separator. "It wasn't a bluff," he said quietly. "I'm leaving the end of the week. There's a few things I want to clean up, and you'll want me to break in a new man. After that I'm leaving."

Skip waited for the explosion, but it didn't come. Tony sat back in his chair and examined him thoughtfully. All at once his face relaxed in a rueful grin. "Okay, kid. You win. I'll fix it for you to get your pay check. At noon to-day."

"Noon to-day?" said Skip. "Oh, no. I want to stay until the end of the week to clear things up."

Tony shook his head. "No, kid. You're leaving now. Right now."

"But, Tony," said Skip. "I don't want to—"

Tony's calm departed. "Get out of here before I do murder!" he roared. "Get out!"

Skip had his belongings piled into his roadster, and was headed north by seven that evening. He wasn't happy, for Henrietta's farewell to him had been tearful, and Tony's last angry words had hurt. Besides, Tony's not letting him stay around to turn over the reins to his successor was a bad thing. It was all right for Tony to be sore with him; but by losing his temper and canning him, like that, he'd fixed it so whoever took over would be weeks getting adjusted.

Please turn to page 20

## Only Good Health Gives Vivacity

AND EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO BE ADMIRER

The body in health is a marvellous piece of mechanism; but people who eat too much, neglect exercise, and disregard pearly skin, dull eyes, inner stagnation, and aches and pains soon become "back numbers."

The science of happiness is in regulating and well-caring for every organ, tissue, and fibre of the body. The trusted way is to "internally bathe" yourself with R.U.R., which contains a most reliable laxative, liver stimulant, kidney cleanser, blood purifier, and acid corrector. Many ailments are removed and avoided by R.U.R. Take R.U.R. and Right You Are! 4/- and 7/6 everywhere.



stimulant, kidney cleanser, blood purifier, and acid corrector. Many ailments are removed and avoided by R.U.R. Take R.U.R. and Right You Are! 4/- and 7/6 everywhere.

I'LL BE BACK SOON!

MacRobertson's  
"FREDDO" CHOCOLATE FROGS



# Yet Another Moon

*She tried to hide her love behind a mask of indifference and forced gaiety*

By RONA RANDALL



**T**HINGS like this didn't really happen, thought Mary. A man didn't walk abruptly out of your life and then re-enter it with equal suddenness. Yet there was Bruce, striding across the hotel lounge towards her, not one atom changed, not, apparently, one day older, despite the three years which had elapsed since she last saw him.

She heard, as from a distance, Cherry's voice, saying eagerly: "Here they come!" The words were unimportant, compared with the magnitude of the moment. Her heart rocketed, then steadied as sober thought crept in: He hasn't changed, but I—I'm years, centuries older! Nevertheless, the truth remained. Her love for him was just the same.

She had never acknowledged it. After all, there had been nothing between them. During their brief acquaintance no word of love had been spoken. There had not, really, been time. They had only known one another a month and they were both naturally reserved, not the kind who easily revealed their emotions.

Even when they parted they did not kiss, but shook hands in the polite, friendly way in which they had always greeted one another.

"These new dances aren't much in my line," said Mary, watching Cherry and Kit.

"I'll be back," he had said. "I may be stationed in these parts again."

But he never came. The aerodrome where he had served in peace time was submerged in a gigantic scheme of reconstruction, spread over two lengthy years, and when the R.A.F. occupied it again he was not among the incoming squadrons. Gradually she gave up hope.

Yet now, here he was.

Cherry's hand touched her arm, and at the same moment Bruce stopped in front of her. But he was not looking at Mary, he had not even seen her. He was looking at Cherry, smiling at her, taking her hand in his. Then Cherry said: "Mary, this is Bruce—this is him!"

The world staggered for a moment, then regained its balance. It was fortunate that Cherry and Bruce had eyes for no one but each other, otherwise they would have seen the naked shock which even Mary's customary reserve could not conceal. So this was the man who had bowed her young cousin over. This was the man whom Cherry—nineteen and youthfully exuberant—described as: "The only man in the

world, Mary! I have found him, really and truly this time!"

This was the man whom Cherry was going to marry.

Mary clutched at composure and it came, rather precariously, to her aid. But neither the man nor the girl saw that swift recovery. Only Kit Marlow, standing behind Bruce, caught a fleeting glimpse—and wondered.

Cherry turned radiantly to her cousin. "Bruce," she said, "this is Mary—my cousin."

Then Bruce glanced at her. He stood for a moment quite still, then said quietly: "Mary!" And then his hand touched hers. His clasp was strong, compelling—and it seemed only yesterday that they had clasped hands like this, while he said with sincerity: "I'll be back, Mary—some day I'll be back," and she had given a light, indifferent smile to cover her hope.

She answered now as lightly: "Hello, Bruce!"

Cherry's wide-open eyes seemed to open even wider with delighted surprise. "Do you two know each other?"

It was Mary who said, still in that

carefully light voice: "We met years ago. I'm surprised that Bruce even remembers me."

"Of course, I remember you, Mary."

Cherry was looking past Bruce at Kit Marlow, and Bruce hastily introduced him: "Kit, old man—this is Cherry."

Kit Marlow grinned. He was an engaging young man, barely older than Cherry herself, but he had an air of adult perception about him. It was Mary who noticed this inconsistency, Cherry who noticed only his wide, flashing smile and handsome face. He, too, wore Air Force uniform, and his rank was indicated by the three stripes upon his sleeve. Mary saw Cherry's round, innocent eyes take in every detail, including those significant stripes, saw the flickering shade of disappointment in them as she noted his rank. Only a sergeant. A pity. He was rather attractive.

But Bruce was a flight-lieutenant and had won the D.F.C. She turned back to him with renewed adoration.

A remote, detached part of Mary witnessed the incident with a cold little shock of surprise. Was Cherry's affection for Bruce merely infatuation, was she only attracted by the glamor of his rank?

**S**HE pulled herself up. I'm thinking that because I want to think it. She even tried to imagine that she had not seen that revealing glance, that secret appraisal, that reluctant dismissal, but Kit Marlow's eyes, meeting hers, verified it. He said, unexpectedly, with a wry grin: "Praps I'll take a commission myself, one day."

His words fell into their midst with the abrupt finality of stones dropping into a pool—he hurried them quietly, defiantly, with secret amusement, watching Cherry's face as he did so, watching for the ripple which his stones must make, watching for it to spread from her to Mary, from Mary to Bruce. The older man looked surprised, puzzled. What was the kid talking about, anyway, going off at a tangent like that about something no one was discussing? He dismissed Kit's remark with a laugh.

Kit, still smiling, turned to Mary. "You're cousin to the bride and I'm cousin to the groom. What does that make us? Relatives of some sort? Anyway, we ought to get together."

They went into the ballroom to attend the dance that was in full swing—a specially gay function, almost reminiscent of pre-war days in its glamor and festivity.

Over her wine-glass, Cherry dimpled at Bruce, flatteringly worshipful. His quiet air of experience thrilled her. She was impressed by his assurance and poise—being engaged to him made her feel very mature and sophisticated. Young men were so puerile, she thought, evading the glance of the attractive one sitting opposite.

Kit grinned his lop-sided grin and raised his glass.

"Here's to them," he said. "Com-miserations to both!"

There was general laughter, as if they were all determined to make the evening the gay, cheerful affair it was meant to be. Soon even Cherry began to see the strain under the laughter. Why was Bruce sitting there like a lump of solid rock, why was Mary's gaiety so forced, why was that irritating young man smiling secretly?

He gave her a feeling of guilt which she did not like. She had nothing to feel guilty about. True, she had been engaged before. Once on her seventeenth birthday and once on her eighteenth, but each time it had been purely experimental—this time it was for keeps. "My husband, Flight-Lieutenant McKay!"

The keen, amused eyes of Sergeant Marlow met hers and she colored. She said, suddenly, anxiously to get away from that too-seeing gaze: "Darling, I want to dance."

Bruce was a good dancer, Mary remembered that, too well. But he was not at home in the latest dances. The slight, lithe figure of Cherry alighted and wriggled incongruously beside him. Soon she came back pouting. "He doesn't conga!" she wailed. Bruce grinned. "I'm getting old," he said.

"Darling, you're not! But you must learn to conga!"

Sergeant Marlow said quietly: "I'll conga you off your little feet."

Cherry's dimpled chin went up. "Try it! Just try!"

They danced away in complicated unison at the head of the line of dancers, like a pair of young puppies frolicking. Watching them made Mary suddenly feel incredibly old, much older than her twenty-seven. Bruce sat beside her and offered her a cigarette.

"Care to dance, Mary?"

"When they play something different."

She watched Kit and Cherry break away from the line of the conga and execute a little turn of their own. "These new dances aren't much in my line. I'm afraid I don't conga very well either."

## BUBBLES - FAMILY AFFAIR





## Bruce walked abruptly out of Mary's life, then came back just as suddenly—engaged to another girl

"Disgraceful," he mocked, smiling. "If I ask for a waltz will you dance it with me?"

She did not want to. She did not want to be in his arms again, to feel the strength of him so near. And yet she knew that nothing would make her deny the moment. At least, she could have that much again.

He beckoned a waiter and spoke to him. In the interval of waiting for the dance to end a silence fell. Bruce broke it, abruptly.

"You haven't changed, Mary."

"Nor you."

"What have you done—all this time?"

"The same things." She gestured, vaguely. "Stayed at home. Red Cross work. Looked after Cherry."

"I should consider you much too young to act as chaperon."

"I'm twenty-seven," she smiled.

"Nearly nine years older than Cherry."

He looked surprised. He had forgotten the passing of time. In his mind she had remained as he had known her, a very youthful twenty-four. She did not look, he reflected, her age now—except for an air of quiet maturity, perhaps, which was even more apparent in comparison with Cherry's extreme youth.

He saw the vivacious slim figure of his fiancée dancing with Kit Marlow, and the unbidden thought hit him that they made a very attractive pair. He was aware, not for the first time, of the wide difference in their own ages. It was this awareness which had demanded all Cherry's wiles in conquest.

Cherry was adorable, of course. No man could help loving her, and she helped to overcome his lurking memory of Mary. He had been so chilled at their parting, so conscious of her polite indifference that he had not dared to write her, as he had wanted to, when he was sent so suddenly to El Sarbid.

Right from the first he had been attracted to her and hoped that she would respond, but every tentative feeler he had extended met no answering advance.

At the last he had given up hope. "I'll be back," he had said, and meant it. "Somehow, I'll be back," and watched for one flickering answering flame of engerment. None came. "That will be nice, Bruce. Goodbye. Good luck." Hope died in his heart. He felt frustrated, shut out, undesired. And he had carried that feeling away with him.

The conga came to an abrupt and clashing end. Cherry returned to the table. Kit's hand beneath her elbow, her eyes shining.

"Marvelous," she breathed. "Absolutely marvelous! Your cousin can certainly dance. Bruce—I'll grant him that much." She threw

Kit a defiant, challenging look which was the only defence she knew.

The orchestra began to play again. Soft and dreamy, the music filtered across the room, embraced Mary, and suddenly she was three years younger, dancing with Bruce on the moonlit terrace at her father's house.

"Yet another moon will come, And then the sun will shine for me."

It was no coincidence that this song should be played; it had been out of fashion too long. Bruce had requested it.

Cherry's shrill little voice piped: "That stuffy old tune! Why can't they play something more up to date?" Bruce did not even see her entrancing little pout. He saw only the betraying tremble of Mary's hand as it came out to meet his.

They waltzed in silence. Time had not altered their perfect union. They danced as perfectly together as ever.

The music was poignant, sweet. "Yet another moon," crooned the crooner. "Yet another sun..." Stupid, trashy words. Poignant, aching words. Better for the dance to end.

At the interval she broke away.

"I have a headache," she murmured, trying to still the renewed trembling of her betraying hands. She turned back to their table, not waiting for his protest, and immediately began to wish that she had not shattered the moment.

At the table she said, brightly: "Bruce would like to finish this with you, Cherry. I know. I'm no gate-crasher into love's young dream!" The words sounded discordant even in her own ears. Kit Marlow's young, perceiving eyes saw the swift tightening of his cousin's sensitive mouth and he thought: I wonder just how well these two knew each other.

Cherry jumped up, delighted. She had been not a little surprised and perturbed at the perfection of their dancing. She knew only too well how the perfect harmony of a dance could draw a man and a woman together. Only too well—she had felt it in that maddening Kit Marlow's arms.

The dance was not a success. They came back very soon. Kit's bright eyes met Cherry's with disconcerting directness. "The conga's much more in your line," he said, infuriatingly. Cherry, for once, had no answer.

The wedding was fixed for ten days later from Broadstone, Mary's home. Cherry's parents were dead and Broadstone had been a second home to her all her life. It was, therefore, only natural that she should be married from it. Only

natural... but unbearable for Mary.

It was good that one had no time to think, that day followed day in hectic rush. Perhaps, when the moment came to stand behind Bruce and his bride she would be too worn out to care, too weary to take anything in, too exhausted to bear the responses: "I, Bruce Alistair, take thee, Cherry..."

The moon was racing in a storm-tossed sky the night, two days before the wedding, that Bruce came. Mary saw his tall figure turn through the wrought iron gates. And a queer, frightening rush of emotion shook her heart, leaving it strangely still, strangely calm. She had to face him now. Cherry was out; she was alone in the house.

She was quite unconscious of her own loveliness as he came into the room, quite unconscious of his swift, indrawn breath at the sight of her. She donned her armor of reserve and extended a politely cordial hand. "Cherry is out, Bruce. I'm so sorry. She won't be back until late."

He frowned, disappointed. "I hoped to see her—it's important."

"Some of her old schoolmates are giving a farewell party for her. Would you like me to telephone?"

"Can't very well drag her away from that," he said. "And I can't wait, unfortunately. We're out tonight."

"Kit, too?"

Bruce nodded. Kit was observer

### Animal Antics



"Don't hoot till you see the whites of their eyes!"

for Bruce, and loved the job. He would be excited, Mary knew, over a task which Bruce now took in his stride.

"Then you will have to wait until to-morrow, Bruce. What a pity."

He nodded again, abstractedly.

"Yes—I shall have to wait."

But he was obviously disappointed.

"Any message I can give her?"

"None, thank you, Mary."

He left abruptly, prompted, thought Mary, by his disappointment over missing Cherry. She was not aware that the firelight on her hair and the gentle expression of her face drew pictures of quiet maturity, deep companionship, which Cherry's perpetual gaiety did not offer.

One by one, in the silence of the night, Mary heard the planes depart and, in the dawn, waited for their return. One, two, three—a longer gap, a longer silence.

Then came, in the distance, a welcome drone, heralding the return of another warrior. Again that waiting silence. Too long a silence this time. Six planes had gone out, four returned. And then came a stuttering, shuddering machine fighting its way back.

The sixth did not return, and that, they learned later, was the plane which Bruce and Kit flew. "Only one of our planes failed to return."

Only one. That was all.

"Someone," said Mary's mother,

"will have to tell Cherry."

And "someone," of course, meant Mary.

She stood now, before the slender, turbulent figure of her cousin; stood in silence, lost for words. She had been prepared for hysteria, tears—but not this, this utter quiet, this white-lipped silence. She watched the slow clenching of Cherry's slender hands, and thought involuntarily: How could I ever doubt her love for him.

And then the young girl whispered, with anguish wrung from a heart stabbed deep: "Kit—Kit!"

With that, the torrent broke loose. Cherry faced her cousin with blazing, horror-stricken eyes. "How dare they send him out! How dare Bruce take him! Kit is only twenty! He is thirty-five! What right has he to play pitch and toss with Kit's life!" Her voice finished on a rising crescendo of anger, then sank to a vehement whisper. "I'll never forgive him. Never! If Kit is lost, I'll blame Bruce all my life!"

"Cherry! Do you know what you are saying?"

"Only too well." The girl's voice, though bitter, held a note of maturity which it had never held before. Then the child in her broke out again. She burst into a flood of weeping and ran from the room.

For nearly twenty-four hours, Cherry remained in solitude. Food sent up to her was returned untouched. The household was profuse in its sympathies, over-anxious to console. "Poor Cherry—she's just a child, and she adored Bruce so!" Mary looked on, saying nothing, hiding her own pain, for she, officially, was not the one entitled to mourn.

Towards evening of the second day she went to Cherry's room. The girl, white-faced, turned strangely accusing eyes upon her.

"Feel like a walk?" Mary asked.

Cherry threw her a look. Mary crossed to the window and flung back the drawn curtains. She said, briskly: "Moping in the dark won't help."

"Mary! You're hard..."

Mary's hand clenched upon the heavy brocade curtain. She made no answer.

"No wonder Bruce called you the ice-maiden!"

Mary spun round.

"Bruce—called me that? When?"

The girl shrugged evasively.

"When I asked him what he thought of you."

She turned once again to the wall. Mary dropped the curtain and left the room. She started down the stairs, and it was at that precise

moment that the telegram came. The boy stood in the wide open door, his hand upon the bell rope. "Graham?" he piped. "Mary Graham? Any-reply-please?" He waited perkily, hand extended, while she opened the yellow envelope.

"Am menaced by amorous V.A.D. Bruce in toils of dangerous blonde. Two gammy legs prevent our escape. Better use yours and rescue us. Kit. Red Cross Base, Perranporth, Cornwall."

The world spun on its axis, steadied, regained its balance. With hands which shook, Mary seized the telegraph boy's stub of a pencil.

"We are coming at once. Keep dangerous blonde away from Bruce—I'm a Red Cross nurse myself, Mary."

She sped upstairs, burst into Cherry's room. "Get up!" she commanded. "Get up at once!"

A dumfounded Cherry stared from a muddled bed.

"You'd better do as I say, if you want to join Kit in Cornwall."

Cherry shot up, snatched the telegram, burst into a fresh torrent of tears, intermingled with choking laughter. "Oh, Kit, darling Kit! He's just the same—"

"But you are not," said Mary. "Don't forget that. You've changed. And you've got to admit it to Bruce before you even see Kit."

"That is where you are wrong!" Cherry cried, triumphant. "Bruce changed first. Oh, yes," she nodded, in Mary's incredulous face. "By letter, too—of all casual, insulting methods! Just because I was out when he called, he tried to let me down gently on paper. Someone else, he says..."

But Mary was gone. Like a flash she was through the door, down the stairs, spinning the telephone dial.

At the other end a sleepy railway official jerked to attention at the sound of a vibrant young voice, a voice which could never have been cold, or aloof, or indifferent.

"Please—please—what is the earliest train I can catch for Perranporth?"

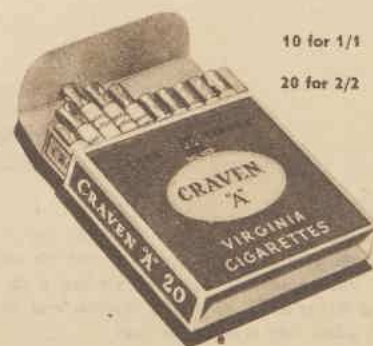
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There is one day better than today. It's tomorrow. For tomorrow

we shall return with new vigour and new vision to the task of making tomorrow better than today.

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E L E C T R I C S E R V A N T S

Advertisement of AUSTRALIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC PROPRIETARY LIMITED





# OUR EDITOR ON TOUR: Day with a cavalry unit



**COBBERS.** Lieutenant W. M. H. Cooper and his thoroughbred, Gray Girl, of the cavalry unit visited by the Editor of *The Australian Women's Weekly* and War-Photographer Jack Hickson.



**HOME-MADE WASHING-MACHINE.** the "Clean Easy," which is the pride of the cavalry unit. It was invented by Trooper W. J. Robertson (right). Trooper R. Walford helps out with the wringing.

## Men and horses grand cobbers on big reconnaissance job

By ALICE JACKSON

A pretty strenuous time was had by us when we visited a cavalry unit in Australia. We were the first War Correspondents to see over this camp.

At the end of the day Photographer Jack Hickson and I came to the conclusion that, if the horses can do 40 miles a day, the officers and men have the horses beaten at their own game.

**B**UT it was a great day, with every minute packed full of interest. This cavalry unit is the only one in Australia which has been in an operational role for three years.

It does important reconnaissance and coastal detection work, covering vast areas of country.

These Light Horsemen will let you keep your tanks and jeeps. Their transport units don't need petrol or rubber tyres. They don't wear out.

Night and day they can travel so silently they escape detection, and what they could accomplish in the way of harassing and delaying an enemy—well—as one Light Horseman put it to us, "If the Jap tried to break through here, it would just be nobody's business!"

Moreover, you can't establish a really human bond between a motor-car and a man.

But a cavalry man with a horse is like a mother with a baby. Theme song of the day was, "The horse is a great cobbler."

### Thoroughbreds

**A**LL the horses looked fighting fit. Among the thoroughbreds was Lieut. W. M. H. Cooper's Gray Girl. Horses have always meant a lot in Lieut. Cooper's life.

"My dad had one of the last teams on the road in the pioneering days of the goldfields," he told us.

So it isn't to be wondered that he has put in a lot of spare time training Gray Girl to acquire some extra graces. Watching her kneel, lie down, or rise at his bidding, I remarked that she could do everything but talk.

"Oh, she can talk, too," Lieut. Cooper assured me.

We heard many stories of the horse's wonderful sense of direction. On the darkest night, through heavily timbered country, it's safe to leave to your horse the matter of getting back to camp.

Even the colonel told us that one

**WATERING TIME** in the horse lines. Light Horsemen take great care of their mounts.



### MRS. ALICE JACKSON

Editor of *The Australian Women's Weekly*, photographed somewhere in Australia where she is on tour as our special War Correspondent. She is visiting men and women of the Services in operational areas.

tossing, manes flying, and the men as keen as their mounts.

"The swing and precision of well-done infantry movements have a thrill of their own and a rhythm which grips and stimulates, but nothing can compare to the wild ecstasy of fast, combined movement when mounted."

Mr. Belford appears to know the

name of every trooper and every horse in the unit.

His social services duties keep him constantly on the move visiting the various camps. One of his major problems is to get suitable reading matter for the men.

It is really depressing to see the scanty stock of old magazines almost worn out with constant handling.

Father of the unit is Rev. F. A. S. Eglington, of Manly, N.S.W.

Three years under canvas have toughened and bronzed the men. The unit doctor, Capt. F. W. Fleming, a medical graduate of Melbourne University, had only a few convalescents from minor troubles in the field ambulance station.

"The life is Spartan, but ideal from the health point of view," he told us. "All the men put on weight."

Army rations are good, but cooks vary. A top-notch is the 6ft. 5in. cook, Trooper H. J. Cooper, who was preparing dinner for 14 men in the field ambulance unit. In private life he was a farmer, but he had mastered cooking, too.

Why?

"Well, I just took up cooking," he explains with the patient reasonableness that characterises all really big men.

Officer for the day was Driver "Slim" Edwards, who had a tasty lot of sausage-rolls and golden-encrusted jam tarts to show for his morning's activities.

Meat pies, done to a turn, showed that these two could judge the temperature of their outdoor camp ovens as accurately as the city housewife with a thermostat to guide her.

In the next kitchen Sergeant

H. S. Still was in charge of the cooking for 170 men.

In civil life a pastrycook by profession, Sergeant Still had all the field mechanism running like a charm. Hardened earth floors perfectly swept, fly-proof hessian safes, bricked drainage, efficient grease-traps were routine hygiene measures.

Steel hot-boxes took care of the meals of late-comers.

At one end of a scrupulously scrubbed wooden bench his assistants were preparing braised steak and onions.

Slicing and cutting up large quantities of frozen beef—not to mention buckets of onions!—is not the nicest job of work, but they were a cheery lot.

"Five days a week we cook fresh beef," the sergeant told us. "The other two are 'austerity' days, when our mainstay is the can-opener." He showed us cans of corned beef, sausages, potatoes, cabbage, tomatoes, beans, jams.

### Amenities

**A**T the nearby regimental canteen the men could buy fresh apples and oranges, cakes, hot pies, biscuits, and sweets, soft drinks and beer.

Corporal McNeill, who was in charge, told us the canteen is run by a committee of officers. Goods are bought through the Australian Defence Canteen, and profits go to the Regimental Trust Fund.

In a recreation hut amenities supplied by the Australian Comforts Fund included a battery wireless.

Educational models of aeroplanes were suspended from the ceiling, and one end was given over to the Commonwealth Bank, where Mr. Belford, as banker, said he had put through sums up to £500 in one day.

Pride of the farrier's shop, where Corporal W. Warburton did the honours, was not the home-made tools such as pincers and punches, but a washing-machine made by members of B Squadron out of an eight-gallon oil drum.

Rations for the horses brought from the surrounding farmlands were shown us at the horse lines by Warrant-Officer J. Hindmarsh, who also pointed out how each horse is branded on the hoof and offside with a Government number.

As well as the oats, bran, and chaff of his four meals a day, most of the horses appreciate the luxury of an apple or a bunch of grapes—when they can get them!

It was not without regret that we learned the whole unit could now be easily turned into an infantry show.

The great majority of the men are country born and bred. Many of them are highly skilled bushmen. Many are sons of Light Horsemen of the last war.

We hoped they would not have to "Advance to be mechanised."

See other pictures on page 13



**JUMPING IN FOURS.** Corporal C. Noakes, Lance-Corporal Gartrell, and Troopers A. Smith and Hull put their mounts over a brush hurdle.



# Editorial

JULY 10, 1943

## ELECTION DUTIES

**WOMEN** will exercise one of their most precious democratic rights when they go to the polls to vote at the coming Federal elections.

*Like all other rights, this one involves a duty—the need to think and judge before a vote is cast.*

Often in the past women have been accused of taking little or no interest in political questions and of voting "the same as Dad."

Such criticism is not entirely unjust. Some women have been content to let others lead them.

*At a time like this all thinking women must prefer to ponder deeply on the issues involved.*

Thousands of women are in industry for the first time. Their new experiences in factory and workshop have awakened them to problems of which they previously had no knowledge.

Thousands more have entered the Services and, in identifying themselves so closely with the cause of Australia at war, have become more aware of the opposing forces which can shape a nation's destiny.

The right to vote, perhaps previously taken for granted, has become more significant to them.

*Every woman who will vote next month should go to the polls with this sense of her personal responsibility.*

When she marks her ballot paper she should know that she has sincerely tried to choose the man who will serve Australia best.

That way she helps to ensure that Australian democracy remains a living force.

—THE EDITOR.

## Prisoner still full of fight



SPITFIRE PILOT F.-O. Warwick Poulton, of Cronulla, N.S.W. (extreme right), with other airmen in Stalag Luft III, Germany.

Eighteen months ago Flt.-Sgt. Bill Poulton was seriously injured when his R.A.A.F. Sunderland flying boat crashed in Northern Australia.

A few months later his brother, F.-O. Warwick Poulton, member of a Spitfire Squadron in England, crashed over Germany and was taken prisoner.

**BILL** has now recovered from his injuries and is back on duty. The two boys are both well-known members of Cronulla Surf Club, N.S.W.

The two brothers learned many months later what had happened to each other, and Warwick wrote this letter to Bill from Stalag Luft III:

"Well, old horse, I have learnt at last what has been happening to you during all these months."

"When you get this letter you will know what has happened to me by simply looking at this letter-form."

"However, I dare say you will agree with me when I say that we could both be a lot worse off."

"Sorry to learn that you got hauled up so badly."

"For myself, I got away practically unscathed—just a few minor cuts and abrasions, a couple of bunged-up knees which are better now."

"But what I have got, and I suppose you have the same, is a very vivid memory of the minutes that seemed hours before I could get out of my life."

"Unfortunately, I think it is going to haunt me for some time."

"But give me the opportunity to do the same as I was doing then, and I would do it with more relish."

"I imagine that after a time you will have the chance of having another crack at the foe. When you do, Bill, give them one for me, and give it to 'em hard."

"I daresay the war over there will last longer than the war here. Then I and all the chaps here will probably have the opportunity of having another crack."



OPEN-AIR BATHROOM in New Guinea. Pte. Shilling and Dvr. R. Maher photographed by Pte. D. Vernon, who sent the snap to Miss C. Joyce, Albury Road Siding.



THE THREE GRACES. R.A.A.F. boys in their slit trench in New Guinea. Snapshot sent by F.-O. Ernie McOmish (left), of Ballina, N.S.W., to Miss J. Best, East Cessnock.

Pte. C. F. Avatoble, Torres Straits Forces, to his sister, Miss J. Avatoble, 81 Wellington St., Windsor, Vic.:

"THE other day I collected three nice fish, enough for all of us. This is hard to believe—I went down to the beach to clean the fish and I found a fresh lemon!"

"It had been washed up the night before, and it was just the goods on the fish."

A soldier in New Guinea to Miss J. Layton, 64 Bent St., South Grafton, N.S.W.:

"WE went to the boxing last night, and had a bit of excitement, as Tojo came over and dropped a few bombs."

"Naturally, all the lights went out, and the boxing had to stop, but when they weren't fighting in the ring we just looked up and had a view of the fight up top."

"All the boys just stopped where they were."

"When the ack-ack was right over us the band struck up, and played."

### LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Conducted by Adele Shelton Smith

The letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen. For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For shorter extracts 5/- is paid.

## Interesting People



SIR A. WAVELL  
... India.

**NEW** Viceroy of India, Field-Marshal Sir Archibald Wavell, is first soldier appointed to this post since 1858. It is highest office in gift of the Crown. He becomes a civilian immediately on appointment. For past two years has been Commander-in-Chief in India. As member of the Viceroy's Council has gained inside knowledge of India's problems. Takes up new duties in October.



LIEUT. A. GROUNDWATER  
General's A.D.C.

**APPOINTED** aide-de-camp to General Commanding, Queensland Lines of Communication Area (Major-General V. P. H. Stanke), twenty-one-year-old Lieut. Annette Groundwater, A.W.A.S., of Brisbane, is first woman in Australia to hold such a position. Duties include attending to the G.O.C.'s correspondence, appointments, and interviews.



MR. H. RABLING  
... Anzac War Relief.

**ON** visit from U.S.A. is Mr. Harold Rabling, Australian-born founder and chairman of Anzac War Relief Society in U.S.A. Society, which is composed of Americans and Australians and New Zealanders residing in America, has sent 90 ambulances, medical and dental equipment, and money gifts to Australian Red Cross, Comforts Fund, and N.Z. Patriotic Fund.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By Wep



# As I Read the S.T.A.R.'S by JUNE MARSDEN

THERE will be a good deal of happiness in conditions (personal and national) this week, for good planetary influences are strongly predominant, especially on Wednesday morning, July 7.

Unfortunately, the excellent conditions operating all occur before 8 a.m., when most people are still in bed.

Perhaps there will be good news coincident with breakfast and morning papers and posts.

People most likely to benefit are Cancerians, Leos, Virgos, and some Scorpians, Sagittarians, and Pisceans.

## The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): A week for quiet living, patience, and tolerance.

**TACRUS** (April 21 to May 21): A week for quiet living, patience, and tolerance.

**GEMINI** (May 21 to June 21): July 6 (round sunrise) fair, July 7 (after dawn only) can be painful to 8 a.m., then fair, July 8 (midday hours) and July 9 (early evening hours) fair.

**CANCER** (June 21 to July 21): July 6 (round sunrise) fair, July 7 (after dawn only) can be painful to 8 a.m., then fair, July 8 (midday hours) and July 9 (early evening hours) fair.

**LEO** (July 21 to August 21): July 6 (round sunrise) fair, July 7 (after dawn only) can be painful to 8 a.m., then fair, July 8 (midday hours) and July 9 (early evening hours) fair.

**VIRGO** (August 21 to September 21): Untroubled happiness possible, so seek desired goals on July 7, before 8 a.m., then fair to dusk, also on July 8 (midday hours), July 9 (early evening), and July 12 (round midnight).

**LIBRA** (September 21 to October 21): Live quietly to avoid obstacles, dissonance, and disappointments, especially July 7 (evening), July 8 (evening), July 10, 11, and 12.

**SCORPIO** (October 21 to November 21): A week of his possibilities, so be diligent. Seek desired goals with confidence. July 7 (round sunrise) fair, July 8 (midday hours) fair, July 9 (early evening) fair, July 12 (round midnight) fair, but excellent from 8 p.m. to past midnight. July 13 (early afternoon) good. Balance of day fair.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 21 to December 21): July 7 (before 8 a.m. only) can be quite helpful, but routine best for rest of week.

**CAPRICORN** (December 21 to January 21): July 7 (between dawn and 9 a.m.) can be cheerful, but it may be illusory. Be cautious, retire rest of week to avoid losses, opposition, partings, upsets, chances, and worry.

**AQUARIUS** (January 21 to February 21): Routine best this week, though July 10 (from 7.30 to 8.30 a.m.) and July 11 (from 4 to 9 a.m.) just fair.

**PISCES** (February 21 to March 21): A big week possible, so throw away your fears and anxieties and succeed with confidence. July 7 (before dawn) very helpful, July 12 poor to 1.30 p.m., then good to 8 a.m., poor round midday, but excellent from 8 a.m. to past midnight. July 13 (near dawn) poor, midday hours good, rest fair.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.

## FILM GUIDE

### \*\* Star - Spangled Rhythm.

The plot is practically negligible, and there are a few dull moments, but plenty of highlights to compensate. Outstanding in the bewildering array of top-ranking stars is the Paulette Goddard-Dorothy Lamour-Veronica Lake number, Rochester's swing, and Zorina's dance.—Prince Edward; showing.

**\*\* The Moon and Sixpence.** Somerset Maugham's weighty drama unfolds the life of a selfish man. As the central figure George Sanders gives a splendid characterisation. Despite the morbid theme, the film has fascination.—Century; showing.

**\* City Without Men.** Story is set in a prison town to which come the wives of criminals. Into this atmosphere comes Linda Darnell, whose fiancé, Michael Duane, has been wrongly jailed. Tale has possibilities, but treatment is sentimental.—Capitol; showing.

**\* It Happened in Flatbush.** Woven around baseball, this film, despite the strong cast, is pretty dull fare. As the manager of the team, Lloyd Nolan gives a fine performance, and Carol Landis does well as the socialite.—Civic; showing.



# Mandrake the Magician

**MANDRAKE:** Magician.  
**LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, and  
**PRINCESS NARDA:** Of Cockaigne, are investigating the theft of bank money with which  
**TELLER SMITH:** Is charged. He says he was counting the money when a man with heavy eyebrows spoke to him. The money vanished. Princess Narda, at a charity

bazaar, also misses a large sum of money. A stranger, with heavy eyebrows, was talking to her. She is arrested, and the police question her, but do not believe her. She tells Mandrake about this strange man, and he says he can prove it is the same man if Narda and Teller Smith can meet.  
**NOW READ ON:**



TWO TELEPATHIC IMAGES ARE PROJECTED ON THE BARE WALL. THE CHIEF GASPS WITH AMAZEMENT!



BUT HE WAS UNWILLING TO PUT IN THE HARD WORK NECESSARY TO MASTER THE ART.

FINALLY, I HAD TO GET RID OF HIM. HE LEFT, TAKING WITH HIM SOME KNOWLEDGE OF THE MAGICIAN'S ART--

TO BE CONTINUED



# Australian dancer released from internment

## Saw Italy become land of black markets and disillusion

By Beam Wireless from ANNE MATHESON, of our London Office

"Italians, even the soldiers, don't care who wins the war as long as it ends," Australian Adele Romano told me when she arrived in London to-day, released after three years' internment in Italy.

With her mother, formerly Una Gilmour, of Bathurst, N.S.W., and her brother Robert, Adele, who is 19, was rounded up by the Fascists when Italy came into the war. Now her mother is with her in London, while her brother, who is 20 and of military age, is still in a prison camp in Italy.

ADELE was a sixteen-year-old schoolgirl when interned. She, her brother, and mother were confined in a mountain-top village, where they were given a one-roomed house.

They were forbidden to speak English, and the young people were cut off from their studies. They had nothing to read except the Fascist Press.

Nevertheless, Adele saw the change in war fortunes by the attitude of the people, who changed from swaggering swashbuckling to tired war weariness.

"The people's heart is no longer in the war," she said. "They hate the Germans. There is deep resentment growing up against their own leaders because they've been misled into a war which has proven disastrous."

"Everywhere soldiers returning say 'We were assured of victory, but this was a lie. Why all this misery?'

As long as the war is finished, we don't care who wins."

"People no longer wear victory badges, nor do they drink to victory any more."

"The moneyed classes flourish, and black markets thrive, helped by profiteering members of the Fascist Party."

"Anything can be bought in Italy on the black market, so, while the upper crust eats and lives well, peasants and workpeople starve. This in itself is one of the most vital factors in the breaking up of the Fascist regime."

Adele passed through Turin and Naples and saw much of the bomb damage, and was surprised at how much respect the British get from the Italians, who say "The R.A.F. always goes for military targets."

She said the British are regarded as gentlemen, which is more than the Germans are felt to be.

"In Naples it was pathetic to see how much insolence the Germans hand out to the Italians. The Germans despise them; the Italians, in turn, loathe the Germans. It is



ROBERT ROMANO, 20, who was retained in an Italian internment camp when his mother and sister were released.

this loathing that makes them think more kindly of the British," she said.

Adele told me of how much sabotage is taking place. "Two ships were being loaded for North Africa, one in Naples, one in Palermo, when fires burst out on both."

"Firemen worked all day long to put them out, but both ships blew up and damaged the docks for miles around. Trains are constantly being derailed by saboteurs."

Adele and her mother were in Italy when Tunis fell. No one suspected the truth for the papers had turned defeat into strategic withdrawal, and when people finally learned they had lost Tunisia, morale fell and resentment against Mussolini developed. Even ardent Fascists felt they had been led into a war which had lost them all previous gains.

Adele showed me clothes she had bought in Italy. She was allowed a little money through the Swiss Legation.

The shoes were literally falling off her feet, yet were only three weeks old. Of good design, with platform soles, they were made of cardboard covered with the thinnest of felt, yet they were winter shoes.

There was no wool, only synthetic winter materials, which do not last or keep out the cold.

Adele showed me a blouse of synthetic silk. She dropped it into water, where it saw it dissolve almost before my eyes.

"That is what happens to everything in Italy. It all goes into holes in the wash," she said.

Adele said the bombing by the R.A.F. is causing the utmost internal confusion.

"Italians aren't organisers and never will be," she said, "and evacuations have been a terrible muddle—no houses for the people, no sanitation, no food."

"They are so miserable and neglected when they go to the country they say they'd rather go back and face bombs than bear the starvation of evacuation."

Adele's mother is the widow of



ADELE ROMANO, nineteen-year-old Australian, who has reached London after three years' internment in Italy. She was dancing at La Scala, Milan, and was photographed in Spanish costume.

a second husband, Mr. Frank Brown, of Sydney.

Her first husband, Adele's and Robert's father, was of Italian birth, but a naturalised Britisher. He was visiting his people when war broke out, but was so out of favor with the Fascists that he was immediately thrust into a concentration camp, from where he has not even been allowed to communicate with his former wife and two children.

Adele, who was studying classical dancing and appearing in the ballet at La Scala, Milan, when Italy came into the war, hopes to make up for the three years she has lost, but said: "I feel terribly ignorant and must work hard like a schoolgirl to catch up with my studies."

She has offered her services for a war job as well.

The first news of her daughter and grand-daughter's safe arrival in London was brought to Mrs. E. U. Gilmour, of Elizabeth Bay, Sydney, by a representative of The Australian Women's Weekly.

"You can't imagine how relieved I am to know that they are safe at last," said Mrs. Gilmour. "Two months ago I had a Red Cross message from them, but that was seven months old."

Mrs. Brown and her children have been abroad since 1937. She was then advised by the well-known ballet critic, Arnold Haskell, to take 14-year-old Adele to Paris to study dancing.

She was one of the leading pupils of the famous Madame Preobajenska. Her dancing was much admired by Serge Lifar, who chose her to take a solo role in one of his ballets.

Famous criminal cases that have made legal history.

## "Prisoner at the Bar"



Murder!  
Robbery!

Espionage!  
Arson!

SAT.

2GB

9 p.m.

A boon to every  
housewife . . .  
Recipes in  
rhymes . . .

"Kommonsense

Kitchen

Klub"

2

G

B

Tues.

Wed.

10.45 a.m.

Wynifred Wiseman

## Girl mica workers of the inland

Three girls, all under 21, are the only women field workers employed in mica mining in Central Australia.

THEY are Myrtle and Mona Johannsen and Mollie Riley, expert mica cutters, who trim, cut, and pack mica won from the mines in the ranges.

All the girls were born in the Northern Territory, lived for some time in southern climes, and returned recently to the bush to do a war job on the mica fields.

Myrtle Johannsen and Mollie Riley met by chance on the train going from Inland Australia to Adelaide, both bound for munition jobs.

For a while they worked side by side in a munition plant.

Then they heard of the mica fields and volunteered to go to Central Australia as cutters.

They joined Myrtle's parents and younger sister, Mona, and now have their own camp half a mile from the mine.

They have been issued with tents and blankets. They wouldn't change their jobs for any other.

A recent visitor asked them if

they ever felt bored. They laughed heartily.

"We haven't got time," said Mollie. "We have lots of fun, as there are tens of men to each of us, but we all have our special boy-friend. All of us, even Mona, who is seventeen, will probably be married before you come back next time."

The girls' work begins when the blocks of mica called "books" are delivered from various outlying mines to the trimming-shed.

The books are split by men into leaves one-sixteenth of an inch thick.

The three girls then trim, clean, and trim the leaves with sharp knives. The edges of the mica are bevelled to facilitate factory filming.

The art in the work is to get the largest possible number of square inches of clean, flawless mica in the one sheet.

After being cut, the mica is sorted. The girls' daily output is weighed and divided into three classes—small, medium, and large.

It is then packed and despatched south. There it is processed to be-

come a component part of aircraft engines.

The girls work 44 hours a week, and often help with the cooking at the camp.

Mollie Riley's father is a station owner from near Tennant's Creek, and she was educated in Adelaide and Melbourne.

Twenty-year-old Myrtle Johannsen spent her childhood in various parts of the Northern Territory. She knows the centre of Australia better than most city girls know their metropolis.

She and her sister Mona love the country, which to many people is barren and dreary.

Working hard, pestered by flies, ants, heat, dust, and inadequate water, they are compensated by the freedom and the health they enjoy.

They learn to be completely self-dependent. When setting out on a journey they always make provision against the possibility of being lost. The water-bag takes the place of the handbag, and they seldom go unarmed.

For pets they have a kangaroo, several canaries, a parrot, a rabbit, and many friends in the lizard family.



# Light Horsemen—worthy of the old tradition



**FEED TIME** in the horse lines at a cavalry unit somewhere in Australia. Troopers Keith Owen, R. V. Jones, and Frank Ward carry out the nosebags.



**RECREATION** on horseback. Troopers Aussie Smith and Bob Hull engage in a Balacava melee. Object of the contest is to dislodge peg from opponent's face-guard.



**SADDLE BUCKET** for Bren gun being made by Staff-Sgt. Henneberry. Unit saddlers design and make all saddlery.



**TRAINING.** Trooper R. V. Jones trains his mount to sit down while he climbs aboard. Many of the men take pride in the tricks their horses can do.



**REPAIRING EQUIPMENT** in the palm-thatched saddlery hut of the cavalry unit. Tom Spencer and Sergeant Norman Carter at work. All repairs to equipment are done by men of the unit.

—Pictures by War-Photographer JACK HICKSON.



## Battle of the Ants

Continued from page 4

THIS meant that Bathurst would be threatened from the rear. And if the Germans should time their move to coincide with an attack from the sea the fate of the colony was at stake. It never occurred to Fairchild that he might be exaggerating the importance of the parachutists. All he knew was that he had to get back to the island as fast as he could.

He could not let himself be stopped by vermin. The trail was full of bashikuay, but he had to get through.

It was half a mile to the river. Perhaps the ants had advanced only part of that distance, but if they had reached the bank he must be prepared to run the entire length of the trail. As a precaution he took his revolver from his holster. If he stumbled and fell the ants would never get him alive. He took a deep breath and started off.

To right and left the forest was alive with bashikuay. The trees seemed to close in on him and stretch their leaves towards his face. Fairchild forced himself to keep his mind on the island and the Germans. He had to get to the island.

His feet, barely touching the ground, flew over the path. It was a beautiful sprint; but if he had hoped to leave the ants behind he was disappointed. He had already covered two hundred yards, and ahead, as far as he could see, the path was brown as the stretch behind him.

Looking down, he saw two or three bashikuay clinging to his boots. A moment later he felt a sensation like a hot iron being pressed against his left calf.

He stopped only long enough to crush the ant with his hand. But this second was sufficient for dozens of bashikuay to cover both his boots. Fairchild leaped into the air like a dancer, at the same time hitting his boots with his hands. All the bashikuay were shaken off his left foot, and most of them off his right. His right hand still carried the revolver. He rushed on.

Streams of perspiration were run-

ning over his face and down his neck. His uniform clung to his body. The farther he went the hotter and stickier the air became. And the path was still covered with ants.

Fairchild stared at it, and what he saw made him breathe faster. The bashikuay in front of him no longer faced the river. They were not marching. They stood still, facing him.

A mysterious command had flown along the trail, warning the columns of his approach, and now they lay in wait for him. Fairchild imagined that he saw millions of brown motionless eyes, staring at him, a million tiny pugnacious bodies grown tense as they waited for him to stop, to collapse under the furious bites of the few which had managed to reach his body.

He raced on. But his long, buoyant steps were losing their regularity and smoothness. His sprint was becoming a desperate stumble across myriads of enemies. There was no doubt in his mind that the ants were waiting, hoping for him to fall and be eaten.

A few of the bashikuay were climbing up his right leg, and suddenly there was a maddening pain in his right thigh as an ant buried its jaws in his flesh. Fairchild cried out, but this time he did not repeat his previous mistake. He ran on and crushed the ant as he ran.

But now bashikuay were attacking from all sides. They dropped from trees and clung to his face and hands. He stumbled forward, conscious only that if he stopped for a single moment he was lost. The ants were biting his legs.

He slapped his body wildly wherever he thought he felt their touch. He slapped the twig that dropped on his head, and the sweat that ran down his cheeks. He rushed forward, panting, and stumbled and almost fell.

Still a million eyes were watching him from everywhere and waiting

for the moment when he would give up.

He touched a large branch, and in an instant scores of ants were on his clothes. Fairchild wept and ran on. He had forgotten that once he had been contemptuous of vermin. Now he felt only mortal fear. The gun slid from his shoulder; he did not even look back to see where it had fallen. At a dozen places he felt the sharp jaws of the ants tearing at his flesh.

Instinctively, his legs kept carrying him on; instinctively, his hands kept protecting his eyes and nose and mouth. He could no longer think of the path ahead, or of the river, and the island.

Incoherently, his brain remembered the man whom natives had tied in the path of a bashikuay army. But his memory never got beyond the point in the story where the bashikuay reached the man's feet. Then everything became blurred, and he was back again to where the man was being tied to the tree. And again he saw the bashikuay crawl towards the man, reach his feet.

The automatic movements of his legs grew slower. He bumped into trees, stumbled over roots. A fallen trunk lay across his path. A column of ants was moving up to it. One column, not a broad stream of ants. He had reached the advance guard of the brown army.

Once more his pace quickened. Somehow his legs carried him across the fallen tree. The path under his feet was green again. There were no bashikuay on the vines and leaves. He ran on, squashing every one of the ants which still clung to his body.

There was a happy ending to the story of the man whom the natives had tied to the tree. Fairchild tried to think of the ending. His legs kept moving mechanically.

He reached the river bank, but even then he did not stop. He felt more than saw the presence of numberless beetles, worms, and spiders, and realised that, like himself, they had fed before the bashikuay and now hesitated to cross the water. In no time the bashikuay would reach them and make a clean sweep of them all.

In spite of the common danger, Fairchild could not feel pity for the fugitives. They were repulsive, loathsome vermin. The very sight of them nauseated him.

He stumbled forward into the stream and across. There were many floating branches in the water. He dragged himself on to his island, trudged on with slow, leaden steps, and crossed the second arm of the stream. He got to the other bank where the sandy plain began, and there, behind the pillar of a termite hill, dropped on the ground.

He had lain half-conscious for a long time. The burning where the bashikuay had bitten him was growing less. His pounding heart had quieted down. Through the half-closed lids of his eyes he could see a bank of heavy clouds slowly piling up on the horizon. The water lapping against the trees and driftwood was ringing gently in his ears.

Then, all at once, he was conscious of the sound of human voices, coming from the island.

For a moment Fairchild hoped that Johnson and McAllister had returned. But the words were in a foreign language. Cautiously he peeped from behind the termite hill.

There, in front of the cabin, hardly thirty steps away, were a group of Germans. He counted them—six. The seventh parachutist was not there. Finally, Fairchild saw him emerge from behind the cabin and slowly wade across the drifting branches to where the trail began.

The other six were working in a quick, businesslike manner. Two were digging a trench. One was mounting a machine-gun in the entrance to the cabin. Two others were piecing together a portable radio transmitter. The last man, apparently the commander, was giving orders.

Fairchild's body ached from scores of small wounds, but now he was only conscious of the Germans. He aimed his revolver at the commander. Evidently the Germans were unaware of his presence and thought the outpost was abandoned.

But he did not shoot. A cry came from the jungle on the other side. The seventh man, who had waded across, appeared again on the bank and splashed into the

water. He was slapping wildly at his face and body as he stumbled across the driftwood which had accumulated between the island and the jungle. At last he reached the island. Still beating his body he began talking excitedly to his comrades.

They had grouped around him and were staring down at the driftwood, which by now was becoming a compact mass of logs and branches, filling the far arm of the stream. Fairchild did not understand a word, but he knew exactly what they were discussing. The commander shrugged and gave an order. The men seized their guns and shovels and started beating at the driftwood.

Fairchild no longer thought of trying to kill them. He knew what was happening. Obviously, the ants had reached the end of the jungle and were now about to cross the stream.

He had heard that the bashikuay were capable of building living bridges by forming suicide columns which pushed into the water and, drowning, interlocked their bodies so that the bulk of the army could pass over them.

But there was no need for a living bridge now. They were marching across the driftwood, guided by the mysterious sense which told them where they would find their prey.

They kept the Germans entirely occupied. At first the men had not taken the threat seriously. They beat the driftwood, making remarks which sounded as if they might be jokes. Thousands of bashikuay must have been drowned.

But more kept crawling across the solid mass of branches and logs. The leisurely tempo of the men grew faster. They fell silent and grimly struck their guns and shovels at the nearest branches. One of them dropped his shovel, and by his jerky movements Fairchild could tell that he was trying to squash the ants on his body. Another stopped to pick up the shovel, but the moment he touched it he jumped back as if it were hot iron.

Fairchild chuckled as he watched both men hop on the ground, stamping with their feet as if an army of bashikuay could be defeated by two pairs of boots.

Near the hopping men the bashikuay made their first breakthrough. The other Germans came running and stamped furiously on the ground. But while they were busy in one place other columns of ants reached the island. The men were running to and fro, beating aimlessly at the earth, crying with pain when ants stung them, and steadily losing ground.

WHEN the confusion had reached its height the crisp voice of the commander ordered retreat.

The men ran back to the cabin and, pulling in the machine-gun and the radio transmitter, slammed the door. Inside they were safe. The bashikuay were so big that they could not squeeze through the wire meshing which covered the windows. But while the men were running back to the cabin Fairchild discovered that he had missed his chance.

Before slamming the door one of the Germans pointed to the termite hill behind which he lay.

For the next few minutes nothing happened. Fairchild looked out cautiously. He saw the brown flood of ants surging up the walls of the cabin. But the Germans were well protected. The thought made Fairchild furious. And before he realised what he was doing he had fired a shot from his revolver at the cabin.

He only fired a single shot, but the effect was so amazing that he leaped up from behind his cover. Half the cabin was gone. It was as if a heavy shell had hit it. The wooden half had crumbled and the roof had fallen in, burying the Germans under a cloud of yellow dust which looked like a bright mushroom against the dark sky.

Shouts of confusion mingled with cries of pain. The men struggled to get out of the wreckage. The wooden walls had been alive with bashikuay; now the ants were inside the cabin.

As the Germans came running forward frantically trying to rid themselves of the murderous insects, Fairchild realised what had happened. The Germans owed

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"If you haven't a room, just give me a hallway. I always walk in my sleep, anyway."

their defeat to vermin. The termites which had wrecked the transmitter had also hollowed out the wooden logs, so that the impact of a single bullet caused the shell of the structure to collapse; only the half built of corrugated iron remained.

The Germans did not know about the termites. They believed that they were exposed to cannon fire. And as the bashikuay came down on them they had no choice but to surrender.

But there were seven Germans and he was alone. By now the men had reached the stream between the island and his side. Fairchild stepped forward and, aiming his revolver at the commander, ordered them not to move. Miraculously they understood and obeyed, huddling together in a group he could easily cover with his weapon. They seemed glad to cool their wounds.

The water reached almost to their armpits, but Fairchild was soon as wet as his prisoners. The rain which had threatened all day finally came down.

For twenty minutes showers lashed the jungle and the island. They swept away the driftwood and every trace of the wood wreckage. They drummed on the machine-gun and on the metal walls of the cabin, which still stood. Then the rain stopped abruptly.

Fairchild knew that when they sensed the approach of rain ants disappeared and stayed underground until the soil was completely dry. It was safe to return to the island.

Moving in a wide half-circle around the Germans, he walked down to the river and, at a safe distance from them, crossed the stream. He wondered why the Germans did not try to break away, but then he remembered the bashikuay and the demoralising effect their assault must have had. But he only considered the situation well in hand when he was inside the iron half of the cabin, within reach of the machine-gun.

He was almost sorry for the men in the water, but they would have to wait there until Johnson and McAllister returned.

It struck him that the machine-gun cast a long shadow on the ground. He looked at his watch. Five-thirty. He could not believe it was so late. It could not be after four. Every day at four the igloo returned and could be relied on to sting savagely until sunset. He looked around. In a corner of the cabin lay the skeleton of a rat. In another corner were the empty shells of half a dozen roaches. No worms, no flies, no beetles. Before disappearing the bashikuay had exterminated the vermin.

Excitedly, Fairchild reached for the Germans' radio transmitter. He managed to get the wave length of Bathurst.

"I've taken seven prisoners!" he shouted into the microphone, and described the circumstances. "I'll be with you in Bathurst soon."

Would he? He looked at the skeleton of the rat and the empty roach shells. The air was hot and humid yet Fairchild stretched contentedly. On the other side of the stream the jungle threatened. More Germans might drop from the sky. But there were no vermin.

He picked up the microphone again. "Never mind about my fur-rough," he said to Bathurst. "I don't need it, really."

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Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 126-128 Castlereagh Street, Sydney

## Madge Thomas in new radio serial Joins staff of 2GB

Madge Thomas, well known to radio listeners for her character work in serials, has recently joined the staff of 2GB.

She is now being heard from 2GB in the new serial, "Digger Hale's Daughters."

MISS THOMAS has had an interesting and varied career, and is well known in broadcasting circles in New Zealand and Australia.

Her greatest interest lies in serials where the family atmosphere predominates. As the original Fanny Barbour in "One Man's Family," from a Melbourne station, her name became a household word.

"Digger Hale's Daughters" is a modern story featuring everyday happenings in a typical Australian family.

To the role of Emily Hale, Madge Thomas hopes to bring a real and human understanding that will endear her to Sydney listeners.

Miss Thomas claims that her character roles become so firmly established that listeners refer to her by the name of the character she is portraying instead of her real name. Sometimes she forgets to answer to her own name.

Australian born, Miss Thomas first broadcast in New Zealand. She has had considerable success in stage and competition work, straight announcing, musical programmes and

feature sessions, for which she writes her own copy.

She is an accomplished elocutionist, and her theme and sketches are exceedingly popular. She has also produced a number of amateur stage shows.

Miss Thomas has been on the air on every A and B class station in Melbourne.

She won a popular announcer's competition some years ago, for which votes were solicited from the public through a newspaper, and has endeared herself to women listeners by her breezy personality. She talks "with" and not "at" her listeners.

During her career Miss Thomas has raised large sums of money for charity, mainly through Women's Club efforts. Bundles for Britain, and other activities. In one instance she raised money to pay for a swimming-pool for the Royal Park Children's Home.

She also finds time to do canteen work at Air Force House, and writes an average of 20 letters a week to members of the forces.

Miss Thomas will be heard from 2GB in various 2GB and Macquarie productions, such as "Doctor Mac," "Prisoner at the Bar," Macquarie plays, and "First Light Fraser."



### THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, July 7: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.  
THURSDAY, July 8: From 4.30 to 4.45: Goodie Rees presents "All Those in Favour."  
FRIDAY, July 9: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Rees in "Gems of Melody."  
SATURDAY, July 10: Goodie Rees presents Radio Competition, "Melody Tournament."  
SUNDAY, July 11 (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."  
MONDAY, July 12: Goodie Rees' "Letters From Our Boys."  
TUESDAY, July 13: Musical Alphabet.



## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



THE very attractive and appealing cushion cover you see above (367) comes to you with the R.A.A.F. design traced on a plain, light blue Sergalini fabric, all ready for embroidery.

This material is well known for its wearing ability and appearance. The cushion measures 18 x 18 inches, and the R.A.A.F. wings and emblem are clearly marked. Small sprays of laurel leaves, crossed to form a V, are also placed to form the large V for Victory sign in the centre.

Price, 3/11. Postage, 3d.  
The cushion cover is also available on a cheaper material named linette, in shades of lemon, green, pink, blue, and coffee, but Sergalini is available in blue only. Price in linette, 2/11. Postage, 3d.



THE chic little frock illustrated left is a ready-to-make. The pattern is traced on a staple fibre lightweight woollen in shades of pale blue, grey, rust, and burgundy, ready to cut and sew.

The frock shows a dainty, pointed waistline, buttoned front fastening, Peter Pan collar, and gaily embroidered front; sleeves are long and full, and the skirt is gathered into the waistline.

Size 2 to 4 years, 12/11 (4 coupons); 4 to 6 years, 14/11 (4 coupons); postage, 4d.

Paper pattern only, 1/4. When ordering, please quote No. 223.



ABOVE you see a pair of scanties and a pair of panties which have been designed for the 2 to 6 year olds.

Both of these designs are traced on a good quality floral lingerie silk in delicate shades of pink, blue, and white, and all featuring a dainty blue rosebud design, ready to cut and sew. They are also available on plain rayon crepe-de-chine in pink, blue, and white, ready to cut and sew.

The scanties show a button fastening at the waist, and with scalloped edges to the legs. A floral design is worked on the plain material for you to embroider. The panties also have a waistline button fastening, and the legs are taken into bands. The same floral design also is shown on the plain material for embroiderers.

Two to 4 years, price 3/11 (3 coupons); or the set of two pairs for 7/3 (6 coupons).

Four to 6 years, price 4/11 (3 coupons); or the set of two pairs for 9/3 (6 coupons).

Postage, each 3d., set 4d. Paper patterns, 1/4 (both included). Please ask for No. 371.

## CONCESSION COUPON

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue: 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed.

Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State as under:

Box 388A, G.P.O. Adelaide.

Box 4812, G.P.O. Perth.

Box 4609, G.P.O. Brisbane.

Box 1850, G.P.O. Melbourne.

Box 4048W, G.P.O. Sydney.

Box 41, G.P.O. Newcastle.

TASMANIA: Box 1850, G.P.O. Melbourne.

N.Z.: Box 4809W, G.P.O. Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .....

STREET .....

CITY .....

STATE .....

SIZE .....

Pattern Coupon, 18/7/43.

## Fashion PATTERNS



F1892—Three young and very smart jackets for all occasions. You'll want them all! Size 32 to 38in. bust. Top jacket requires 11yds., 54ins. wide; (left) 2yds., 54ins. wide; (right) 11yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F644—Smartly tailored two-piece that should find pride of place in any wardrobe. Size 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3354—Full-skirted style that will appeal to many. Size 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3330—Cleverly designed frock with accent on shoulders and hipline. Designed for long, very smart wear. Size 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds., 54ins. wide and 1yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

F1006—Irresistible style for the smart young miss. Note extended shoulder-line, panelled front, soft, lacy collar and cuffs. Sizes 4 to 10 years. Requires 2yds., 36ins. wide and 1yd. all-over lace or other fabric for collar and cuffs. Pattern, 1/4.

## Special Concession Pattern

Pattern available for one month only from date of issue.

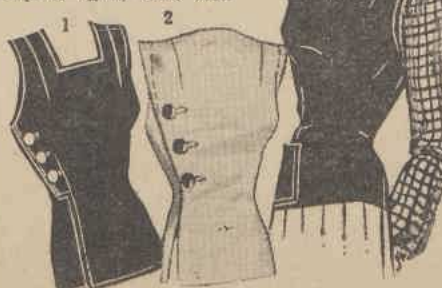
THREE STUNNING JERKINS FOR WEAR NOW—AND LATER!

Sizes 32, 34, and 36-inch bust.

No. 1—Requires 11yds., 36ins. wide.  
No. 2—Requires 11yds., 36ins. wide.  
No. 3—Requires 11yds., 36ins. wide.

PLEASE NOTE!

TO ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post, you should: \* Write your name and full address in block letters. \* Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. \* State size required. \* For children state age of child. \* Use box numbers given on concession coupon.



## Fashion Frock Service "CONSTANCE"

This long-sleeved pyjama suit is destined to be your spring favorite.

IT'S cold now, and you can hug your fleecy nightie or pyjamas, but spring is not so far away, so consider yourself in these lingerie silk pyjamas.

Delicate blue rosebuds are effectively splashed on pink, salmon, blue, and white silk that will wear beautifully and come from the wash looking like new.

Look at it. Note the neat shoulder-yoke, with fullness over the bust-line, turn-back collar, long sleeves gathered into a wristband, and the self-belted waistline.

Each hip sports a pocket, and the trousers are long and cut very full. They are gathered on to a waistband with a button and buttonhole fastening.

Ready to wear: Sizes 32 and 34-inch bust, 32/11 (14 coupons); 36, 38, and 40-inch bust, 39/11 (14 coupons). Postage, 1/9d.

Cut out only: Sizes 32 and 34-inch bust, 24/6 (14 coupons); 36, 38, and 40-inch bust, 27/11 (14 coupons). Postage, 1/9d.

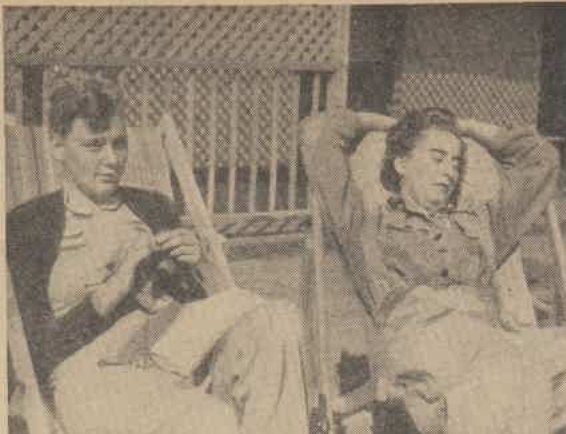
How to obtain "CONSTANCE": In N.S.W. obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 349RRR, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on this page. When ordering, be sure to state bust measurement and name of model.







**PIANISTS WED.** Alexander Sverjensky and his bride, Enith Clark, well-known pianists, at their wedding reception at Pickwick Club.



**AT W.A.A.F. BARRACKS** in Brisbane, A.C.W. Joy Kennedy, of Sydney, sleeps in the sun while A.C.W. Jess Wilson gets on with her knitting.



**WELL-KNOWN AIRMAN WEDS.** Flight-Lieutenant Alan Ritchie, D.F.M., co-navigator of Lancaster bomber, and his bride, formerly June Bracken, leave St. Mark's after their wedding.

## On and off DUTY.

**TOTAL** subscriptions to Legacy War Orphans' Appeal for the last twelve months passed the £50,000 mark set by the Legacy Club, so they have decided in view of the increasing demands on their funds to continue the appeal, setting themselves £100,000 as a goal.

Publicity Officer Mr. L. A. Krone tells me substantial sum has been set aside to provide for a building to house Legacy activities, and also for the purpose of acquiring hostels for Legacy wards.

"We already have Legacy Park and Legacy Camps at Narrabeen, as well as the War Veterans' Home," he tells me, "and hundreds of cases of families orphaned in this war are dealt with by the Family Welfare Committee."

"The public can be assured that the money is being wisely spent for the benefit of children whose fathers have laid down their lives for the country."

**SERVICE** wedding at Methodist Church, Toowoomba, for Anne, A.A.M.W.S., third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Jennings, of Dandenong, Victoria, and Warrant-Officer Keith Perfrement, A.I.F. (ret.), only son of late Mr. A. Perfrement, of Tamworth, and Mrs. Perfrement, of Randwick.

**GUEST** night at The Australian Women's Weekly Club for Servicewomen was occasion for numbers of birthday parties for servicewomen guests. The Three Shades in Blue (Alice and Carol Smith and Bernice Lynch), crooner Alan Royal, and accompanist Lettie Keyes provide the floor show.

**REVEREND T. W. TACON** officiates at the wedding of his second son, Sergeant Geoffrey Tacon, A.I.F. (ret.), and Jean Margaret Dunn, at St. Michael's, Vaucluse.

Bride is eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. I. Dunn, of Rose Bay, and formerly of Berrara, Coolah.

**DOWN** in Sydney for short honeymoon are Captain and Mrs. Geoffrey Hawkes, A.I.F. (ret.). Mrs. Hawkes was formerly Mary Knapton, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Knapton, of Inverell.

Were married at St. Augustine's, Inverell, and reception was held at Town and Country Club. Mary attended by her sister Isabel, and Captain Hawkes was attended by Captain Ross Bucknell, A.I.F. (ret.).

**GUNNER BETTY RAE DERRIN**, A.W.A.S., and Lieut. Leonard Alfred Soman, A.I.F., announce their engagement this week. Met while both attached to same battery.

Betty is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Derrin, of Mossman, and Lieut. Soman is only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Soman, of Balgowlah.

**NORMA MARY KINSCHER** and Leading-Seaman Frederick Charles Wills, R.A.N., choose St. Philip's for their wedding.

Bride is fifth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Kinscher, of Bushman's Creek, Parkes, and bridegroom is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Wills, of Coominya, Queensland.



**CONFETTI.** L.A.C. Lawrence Richard Wilson, of Melbourne, who served overseas with R.A.A.F. for two years, and his bride, formerly Myra Horrigan, of Sydney, leave St. Mary's Cathedral.



**MRS. FABIAN CHOW**, out here on mission for People's Foreign Relations Association of Chungking, photographed in Sydney with her two sons, Colin and Cecil.

**LETTERS** for Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Booth, of Dubbo, from Baghdad, bring news of daughter Sheila, who went to Middle East as V.A., and last February married Major J. H. Comber, R.H.A., of London.

Wedding took place at St. George Memorial Church, in Baghdad, and further ceremony was held at British Consulate, in accordance with regulations.

Sheila is now assistant hostess at the Y.W.C.A. War Service Club in Baghdad, and will remain in Baghdad while her husband is stationed there.

**ENGAGEMENT** announced: Phyllis Margaret (Peggy), younger daughter of Captain and Mrs. W. R. Anderson, of Elizabeth Bay, to L.A.C. Philip Irving Levy, R.A.A.F. (ret.), only son of Flight-Sergeant and Mrs. P. S. Levy, of Chatswood.

**DORIS IRVIN**, and Sergeant George Pringle are married at St. Andrew's Scots Church, Rose Bay. Bride is youngest daughter of late Mr. A. O. Irvin and of Mrs. Irvin, of Bondi, and bridegroom is the second son of Mr. W. Pringle, of Rose Bay, and of Mrs. Pringle, of New Zealand.

Bridesmaid is bride's sister, Robina, and Staff-Sergeant Robert Sharp attends the bridegroom.



**CHEQUE** for £5067 from Red Cross china and glass auction handed to Mr. A. L. Blythe, Director of Red Cross Appeals (centre) by Lady Gordon (left), President of Special Appeals Auxiliary, and treasurer, Mrs. R. H. Bettington.



**DISCUSSING DANCE MUSIC** for Gale Ball at Town Hall on July 23, arranged by A.B.C. Staff for their recreational wing at 103rd G.H., are Betty Forbes (left), Jim Gussey, and Peggy Bissett.

**U.S. Corporal Sydney Pollack**, who, with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. Pollack, of Northbridge, came to Australia from America several years ago, entered the U.S. Army on his eighteenth birthday, and last week, on his nineteenth birthday, he announces his engagement to Yvonne Phillips.

Yvonne, who is the eldest daughter of Mrs. W. A. Miles, of Northbridge, is a month younger than her fiancé.

**MR. and Mrs. C. S. Hughes**, of Turrumurra, give party to celebrate announcement of engagement of their daughter Beverley to Dr. Nicholas Brandt.

Dr. Brandt, who with his sister Ivy has been in Sydney for past few years, is only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Brandt, of Shanghai.

He and his sister recently received word from the Red Cross to say their parents, still in Shanghai, were alive and well.

## Heard Around TOWN

**FOUR** children, 15 grandchildren, and 11 great-grandchildren in family of Mr. and Mrs. William Tubb, of Setton Park, who celebrate their diamond wedding this week. Four grandsons and one great-grandson are serving with A.I.F.

**WEDDING** at St. Mary's Cathedral for Shirley West and Neville Yabsley. Bride is only daughter of Mrs. G. West, of Kingsford, and bridegroom is second son of Mr. and Mrs. P. Yabsley, of Roselle.

**RUSSIAN** Section of R.M.A. holds ball at State Ballroom this Saturday in Sheepskins for Russia Appeal. Chairman, Mrs. A. Gorsky, tells me as winter is approaching they are making special efforts to provide even more sheepskins for Russian forces.



**LEAVING ST. PHILIP'S** after their wedding, Corporal Harry Collinge and his bride, formerly Monica Breen, of Brisbane.



## Movie World



• At 15 years old, Universal star, Gloria Jean, is Hollywood's loveliest sub-deb. Her singing will be next heard in "For All We Know," in which she plays the role of a blind girl.



• A few years ago, RKO's Bonita Granville was an unattractive child with a particular talent for "mean" roles. At 20 she is quite a glamor girl, and achieves fame in "Hitler's Children."



• One of the most popular entertainers at the camps is 16-year-old Jane Withers, who is also chairman of the Junior Division of the American Women's Voluntary Services. Jane has just finished Republic's "Johnny Doughboy" with Henry Wilcoxon and Bobbie Breen, but during production still found time for war work.

The Australian Women's Weekly—July 10, 1943



It is fun to be out in the sun and wind . . . but it makes one's lips so rough and parched. Personally, I take no risks, I always use Escapade Lipstick, and that keeps my lips so smooth and attractive. There is no other Lipstick quite as good. Escapade is made from the formula of our Principals, one of America's foremost cosmetic manufacturers.

Made in 2 sizes.



# Escapade

THE THOROUGHbred OF  
LIPSTICKS



## SKIN DISEASES

Originate in the Bloodstream



**VAXOS No. 3 ORAL VACCINE**  
Effectively Treats  
**PSORIASIS, ECZEMA, ACNE**  
**IMPETIGO, BOILS, PIMPLES, ETC.**

These skin disorders are all bacterial infections of the bloodstream. That is why local applications must fail, and why Vaxos No. 3 gives quick, lasting results. A few drops of 'Vaxos' taken in water each day quickly gets to the seat of the trouble in the bloodstream. Heat and inflammation are rapidly dissipated. Blemishes soon disappear. Put an end to your troubles, obtain 'Vaxos' from your chemist to-day. It's simple and pleasant to take. 6 weeks' treatment costs only 21/- . A shorter 3 weeks' treatment for milder cases, 12/6.



If your chemist is out of stocks write to:  
**VACCINE PRODUCTS (AUST.)**  
584 Little Collins St., Melb., C.1

## Raw Red CHAFING HEALED

You can give him quick relief by soothing those sore, rough parts with gentle, healing **Rexona Ointment**.

When nappies rub against baby's tender little limbs and cause painful chafing, making him cross and fretful...

You'll have a happier baby if you use **Rexona Ointment** at the first sign of chafing. Keep a tin always handy.

In a very short time this cool soothing Ointment will take away the soreness... ending the inflammation.



**Rexona Ointment** — still made from exactly the same ingredients and packed in new handy jars.

Rexona's SIX healing medicaments make it the perfect remedy for all skin troubles.

**1/6**

C.A.B. 17

## Kidney Trouble Causes Backache, Puffy Ankles

If you're feeling out of sorts, or suffer from Dizziness, Nervousness, Backache, Leg Pains, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatism, Excess Acidity, or Loss of Energy, and feel old before your time, Kidney Trouble is the true cause.

Wrong foods and drinks, worry, colds or overwork may create an excess of acids and place a heavy strain on your kidneys so that they function poorly and need help to properly refresh your blood and maintain health and energy.

### Help Kidneys Doctors' Way

Many doctors have discovered by scientific clinical tests and in actual practice that a quick and sure way to help the kidneys clean out excess poisons and acids is with a scientifically prepared pre-

scription called **Cystex**. Hundreds and hundreds of Doctors' records prove this.

### No Benefit — No Pay

The very first dose of **Cystex** goes right to work helping your kidneys remove excess acids. Quickly, this makes you feel like new again. And so certain are the makers that **Cystex** will satisfy you completely they ask you to try it under a money back guarantee. You be the judge. If not entirely satisfied just return the empty package and get your money back.

**Cystex** costs little at chemists and stores and the money back guarantee protects you. New in 2 sizes—4/-, 8/-.

**The Cystex GUARANTEED TREATMENT**  
For Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism.

## You Have to Use Diplomacy

Continued from page 5

THE only bright spot he could think of was that he'd left a copy of his itinerary with Henrietta, so she could reach him by wire, if any question came up at the plant that he could answer at long distance.

He got into San Francisco at five-thirty next morning and checked in at the telegraph office. There wasn't any wire for him—and that didn't make things any easier. He had half expected a night letter that would say something like: "Sorry I blew up. Best luck always. Henrietta sends love. Tony."

But there was nothing. Impulsively, Skip seized a pencil and a blank, and printed: "Sorry about yesterday. Please don't keep on being sore. Here until noon. Let me hear from you. Love to Henrietta. Skip."

He hesitated for a minute before filing it; and then added the words: "Sump castings for bomber being machined at Pacific shop. Promised them latest change drawing to-day. Will you see they get it?"

Then he went to an inexpensive hotel, had breakfast and slept until one in the afternoon.

When he woke up he called the telegraph office. There had been no answer to his telegram. "Old die-hard!" he thought savagely. "He could have answered about the sump castings, anyway..." He dressed, polished off a five-course luncheon, and at two-thirty slid smoothly across the Golden Gate Bridge, headed north. Just short of Petaluma he snapped his fingers, said, "Confound!" and set about composing another telegram to Tony. Later he sent it. It said:

"Be sure chief draftsman's office keeps constant overtime on bomber wing rib changes. Advise. H. S. Smith."

He stopped for the night in Port Orford, Oregon. He was trying desperately to enjoy himself, but the ruck of unfinished business at the Western Aircraft Corporation continued to haunt him... After he had eaten his dinner he went down to the telegraph office. He was entirely certain that there would be some kind of message waiting for him, but there wasn't. By this time he had thought of half a hundred things that Tony should know; and, in addition, of one thing that he, Skip, had to know.

Down in Metal Fittings was a jig that had been used to bore landing-gear forks on the "A" series model of the bomber. Skip had arranged with Tooling to have the jig corrected for the "B" series fork as soon as that overworked department could get around to it; and in the meantime he had marked all the fork work orders. "Drill to 'A' Series Jig as per Instructions H. S. Smith." The jig hadn't been used in over a month, and had passed temporarily out of his mind.

Now, all of a sudden, he had remembered that there was an order for 200 "B" series forks working in Metal Fittings; and the thought made his hair rise. For if the jig had been corrected to the "B" series change and was used as an "A" jig "as per Instructions H. S. Smith" there were going to be 200 "B" series forks that wouldn't be worth throwing on the junk heap.

Skip sent Tony the following wire: "Please wire Port Angeles exact present vertical dimension between centre line lower holes and centre upper hole Bomber LG fork drill jig now metal fittings crib. Urgent. Important."

Whereafter, he drove on to Port Angeles, where he was to board the ferry that would take him across Juan de Fuca Strait to Victoria...

He had been certain that there would be a message in Port Angeles, and when the operator told him there wasn't he didn't at first believe her. When he was convinced, he did a little figurative hair tearing, and sent Tony another wire: "Did you get wire re LG fork jig? Must have answer. Vital."

And waited three hours for a reply that didn't come. He sent another one later that said: "Must have answer fork jig. Answer immediately."

After which he went to a hotel and spent the night tossing and turning, with ruined landing-gear forks, in nightmare quantities, floating before his eyes... There was still no message in the morning; and Skip stood in the middle of the telegraph office and frightened a message clerk half out of her wits with highly vocal and imprecatory ravings about a certain Tony Martin.

He had plenty of time to cool off on his twelve-hundred mile drive back to Western City. He made it in little over three days, after first wiring Jenkins, the boss of Metal Fittings, under no circumstance to drill any bomber landing-gear forks. When he left Port Angeles he was firmly of the conviction that he would stay at Western—Tony or no Tony—only long enough to clean things up; but by the time he got home he was thoroughly chastened by the realization that it was within Tony's power to forbid him the plant entirely. Moreover, he was beginning to realise that Tony'd been right; and that his place was not in the cockpit of a fighter plane, but behind his desk.

So on the third morning at seven when he showed the watchman his identification badge—which he had not turned in—and walked up to his desk, he was mainly concerned with how to get Tony to give him his job back—thinking meanwhile that the chances of Tony's doing that were rather remote.

Tony's secretary, Miss Wayne, was already in. She turned pale when she saw him. "Why, Mr. Smith—" She glanced apprehensively at the door.

"Hello," said Skip. "Is the boss still sore?"

"Yes, indeed," said Miss Wayne, anxiously. "You'd better leave before he gets in. I don't know what—"

"Who's got my job?" asked Skip. "Why, nobody. He's been doing the work himself. He tried out Mr. Kelton and Mr. Kraus, but they couldn't— Oh, Mr. Smith, he's been terrible these last few days."

There was a crash behind him as the door flew violently open, and Tony strode savagely into the office. "What are you doing here?" he roared.

"I came back," said Skip. "I thought you might need me."

Tony glared at him. "Beat it!" he said. He pushed Skip aside and stalked into his private office, slamming it behind as the glass shook. "Stubborn old mule!" flared Skip. Then to Miss Wayne: "I'm going down to the shop. I've got to find out about something."

"Mr. Smith," said Miss Wayne, vigorously, "you'd better leave. Right now!"

"No," said Skip. "I've got some stuff to clean up, and I'm going to—"

The door to the private office crashed violently back on its hinges, and Tony charged out with a basketful of papers. He slammed them down on Skip's desk. "I wish you'd keep your trash out of my office," he said.

"Yes, sir," said Skip quickly. "Stubborn fool," growled Tony, a little less antagonistically.

"Yes, sir," said Skip. "Argh!" snarled Tony. He took a sheaf of telegrams out of his inside pocket and shoved them into Skip's hand. "Get down to Metal Fittings and get that jig fixed. I'm tired of hearing about it."

"I was just leaving," said Skip hastily, and departed.

After he had left a strange change came over Tony. His anger vanished instantly, and he threw back his head and laughed. "Young fool had me worried," he said. "He was later getting back than I figured."

"You mean you were expecting him?" asked Miss Wayne.

"Sure," said Tony. "I knew he'd be back before he ever left here. He'd rather die than leave things in a mess. That's what drove him nuts, my not answering his telegrams." He laughed again. "It's just like he always says. 'You have to use diplomacy.'"

He opened the door of his private office. "Call my daughter, Miss Wayne," he said, "and tell her he's here. She was pretty worried."

(Copyright)



**POCKET THE SAVING!**

Save on dentifrice too, and pocket the change. You get over 1/2-lb. of the finest tooth paste, free from grit and waste, in the large tube of

**LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE**

Every atom does a grand cleaning job. That's why you need less on the brush, and why a tube lasts so long. And it's the only dentifrice that contains the antiseptic oils of LISTERINE itself.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★  
Burning Dandruff itch and scaling is a germ infection. Remove the cause, kill the germ with Listerine, the safe Antiseptic.

## EMERGENCY TREATMENT OF SKIN INJURIES

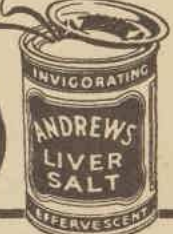
**SAFETY FIRST**  
USE

Be prepared for an emergency and keep Cuticura Ointment in your First Aid Kit. It brings instant soothing relief to cuts, burns, skin lacerations—prevents spread of infection, quickly heals.

**Cuticura OINTMENT**  
CUTICURA SOAP  
CUTICURA OINTMENT  
CUTICURA TALCUM

*Excuse me—  
for Inner  
Cleanliness  
be regular  
with your*

HANDY SIZE 1'8  
FAMILY SIZE 2'9



**ANDREWS LIVER SALT**  
The Pleasant Effervescent Laxative

*Permanently Yours  
Eugene*

*Breaks Colds Quickly—*  
**WOODS' Great PEPPERMINT CURE**



*Defy the winter winds in*  
**CHEERY NEW WOOLLENS**

... This classically simple quartet will carry you smartly through the season ahead.



• The ever-popular shirtmaker frock interpreted in sunshiny yellow heavy wool fabric. Perfect to wear with odd jackets or under your winter topcoat.

• Young-making style in clear red wool de chine. The long-torso sweater top is margined with a cuff to make it look like a jumper suit, and the skirt achieves fullness with unpressed pleats.

• Flattering and feminine little suit of jacaranda wool with inset panels of pastel blue to match the jersey blouse.

• Frock of bright green-and-white checked tweed that cleverly passes for a tailored suit. With it a red sweater and mauve felt bag and toque.



## HURRY-UP DINNERS!

● These menus are planned for families with uncertain hours. Some dishes can be prepared beforehand and require only last-minute cooking; others can be prepared and cooked in half an hour. Try these suggestions.

By **OLWEN FRANCIS**

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

So many of us live like this: Home at the last minute, parcels down, light the oven, get on the vegetables, and then take off the hat.

Five minutes' relaxation and then off racing against time to feed a hungry family.

Or it may be that father comes in first, daughter an hour after, second daughter later still, and son is to be expected only when he arrives.

To keep a family like this fit means careful meal-planning ahead.

Instead of keeping dinners hot for late-comers and letting the dishes lose their early savory fragrance, plan dinners that can be partly prepared in advance and then finished and served as the late ones arrive.

Some dishes, like salads and cold sweets, can be ready in the refrigerator or cool safe to serve when required.

### No. 1 MENU

Minted Orange Appetiser  
Fried Cream Pies  
Glazed Onions Savory Cabbage  
Marbled Lemon Shape  
Coffee

**Advance Preparation:** Oranges can be peeled, mint, chopped, and cress or lettuce crisped for last-minute service. (Hope you grow your own cress.) Pastry can be made 24 hours in advance, or longer in this cold weather. Keep covered in a cool place.

White sauce can be made for the pie-filling and meat minced or vegetables cooked for adding to it early morning or at any time during the day.

To make the marbled lemon shape: Make equal quantities of a lemon jelly and milk jelly. Chop the lemon jelly when firm and pour over it the partly set milk jelly. Chill.

**Just Before Dinner:** Slice oranges, sprinkle lightly with brown sugar and finely chopped mint. Serve with crisp, cold salad green.

Roll the pastry. Stamp into rounds. Spoon on half the rounds a mixture of creamed meat or vegetable, seasoned well. Cheese added to the vegetable mixture is tasty. Moisten edges of pastry and cover with remaining pastry, slit crosses on centre tops. Deep fry for 3 to 5 minutes in deep fuming fat as required.

Choose small onions and cook in a small quantity of boiling water, drain and toss in a little brown sugar, butter, and finally chopped sage.

Shred cabbage and cook in tightly lidded pan in small quantity of water, as required.

Prepare coffee and un mould jelly sweet and serve with home-made ginger anaps.

### No. 2 MENU

Beef Broth with Carrot Crisps  
Curried Tripe Casserole  
Brussels Sprouts  
Potato Cream Slices  
Sliced Flapjacks with Golden Syrup

**Advance Preparation:** Make a good brown stock with beef bones, meat trimmings, and soup vegetables. This can be made a day or two in advance. Flavor with fresh garden herbs.

Make the curried tripe when convenient, the night before or early in the day. Cool and store in refrigerator or meat safe day or two in advance. Flavor with fresh garden herbs.

Curried tripe can be made when

convenient, the night before or early in the day. Flavor with tart apple slices and choose small onions and cook them whole in the curry. Store when cool in meat safe or refrigerator, and reheat as required.

The flapjack batter can be made an hour or two in advance, or small quantities mixed at the last minute, as required.

**Just Before Dinner:** Strain the beef stock and season further with pepper, salt, vinegar, lemon juice, or sherry. Serve very hot with crisp vegetable snippets. Slice the potatoes very thinly and cook as required, with a few tablespoons of milk and water, a little butter, and pepper and salt, in a tightly lidded pan. The sprouts cook quickly in

a tightly lidded pan with a few tablespoons of boiling water.

Flavor the flapjack batter (4 tablespoons flour, 1 dessertspoon melted butter or margarine, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice) with mixed spice and grated lemon rind. Cook on greased griddle or frying-pan, and serve immediately with syrup or honey.

### No. 3 MENU

Liver Patties  
Browned Potato Slices  
Hot Orange Beets  
Green Salad with Shredded Turnip  
Apple Muffins Milk Coffee

**Preparation in Advance:** In early morning or at a convenient time

## Variety is the spice of life

**F**RIED pies are the highlight of this quick dinner platter pictured at left. Pastry is made as usual, the pies assembled and deep-fried for five minutes in fuming fat. Recipe is featured in Menu No. 1.



during the day wash the liver, par-boil for 2 minutes, drain, and mince. Combine with 1 cup breadcrumbs and flavor with 1 dessertspoon of chopped onion and 2 tablespoons chopped bacon. Season, and dip spoonfuls in flour and breadcrumbs, rolling into balls. Store in refrigerator or meat safe.

Cook the beets and pickle in vinegar when time is available.

Cook the apple muffins early in the day, or prepare ingredients (4 tablespoons flour, 1 tablespoon butter or margarine, 3 tablespoons apple pulp, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon milk) for last-minute cooking.

**Just Before Dinner:** Parboil the potatoes for 3 minutes, drain, slice, and shallow fry, turning frequently.

Heat the sliced beet in a little of the pickle liquor, plus orange, grated rind, and a clove or two.

Fry or grill the liver patties, turning several times, and serve with a brown sauce. Cook as required and do not allow to stand.

Assemble the salad as required, tossing the greens in a little seasoned vinegar or lemon juice.

The apple muffins are delicious served split and topped with home-made ice-cream (as a treat). There are several economical ice-cream recipes made without cream which have been published in these pages.

### No. 4 MENU

Spiced Apple Juice  
Spaghetti and Kidney Savory  
Tomatoes Spinach  
Toasted Rhubarb Betty  
Coffee

**Advance Preparation:** The apple juice can be strained from the apples prepared for the previous day's sweet. Flavor with lemon juice and spices or freshly chopped mint. Spaghetti can be cooked early in the day.

Chop the kidneys and marinate in a sprinkling of lemon juice or vinegar and chopped herbs and a hint of onion juice.

Rhubarb can be stewed in a small quantity of water and breadcrumbs sieved for the sweet. Flavor the rhubarb with grated orange rind, and for a full flavor sweeten with golden syrup.

**Just Before Dinner:** The spiced apple juice is an excellent appetiser and digestion stimulant for the tired family. Serve very hot or very cold.

Rinse the spaghetti in cold water before reheating. Add to it a little hot milk, a knob of butter, pepper and salt, and a good squeeze of lemon juice.

Saute the kidneys in a little bacon fat or dripping until tender. Add to the spaghetti.

Serve piping hot with a good smothering of chopped parsley and topped with crisp bacon, which is cooked as required.

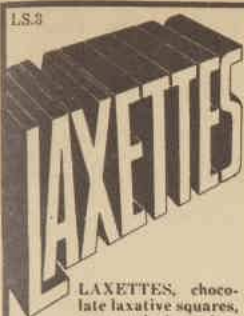
Cook the spinach in a tightly lidded pan, shaking frequently. Top the tomatoes with grated cheese and grill.

Spread the rhubarb, cooked fairly dry, on toast brushed with butter and sprinkled with spice. Top with crushed nuts or stale cake crumbs if liked, and brown and heat under grill, cooking as required.





L.S.3



LAXETTES, chocolate laxative squares, are gentle in action. LAXETTES are especially suited to the needs of children and nursing mothers. LAXETTES have no underlying taste of medicine. LAXETTES can be given at any time children require a laxative, just before going to bed is most suitable.



The correct dose is one-third to one-half a LAXETTE square for children under one year. One-half to one whole LAXETTE square for children aged one to two years. One whole LAXETTE for children two years or older. One and a half LAXETTES is usually sufficient for adults.

Made by the LAXETTE Manufacturing Company, Standard Tin, 18 Laxettes, 1/7d. Trial Tin, 6d.

You're smarter... when you're Exotic—



EAU DE COLOGNE  
**Exotiq**

7 SIZES — FROM 1/2 (MIDGET) AT ALL LEADING STORES

### Don't Spend—LEND!

Invest in  
WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES  
or  
WAR LOAN BONDS.

No such thing as

## GROWING PAINS

• Those painful twinges in legs or arms are danger signals!

By MEDICO

"BUT he looks so well," said Mrs. Kemble when I refused to let young Bill get up.

"That may be," I said, "but you can't take chances with rheumatic fever. He may have to rest in bed for several more weeks," I added.

This caution is necessary because during the acute stage the heart is nearly always involved. Quite often the attack of rheumatic fever is so mild that it is not recognised, and the results don't show themselves until later in life.

It often has its beginnings in sore throats, tonsillitis, or colds. And the earliest danger signals may be slight fever, nose bleeds, poor appetite, failure to gain weight, rapid heart action and—those misleading "growing pains."

I would like to clear this up: Normal growth is painless, and those indefinable twinges that children often have in their arms and legs are not "growing pains."

There are other danger signals, such as lumps under the skin, a rash, and painful inflamed joints. St. Vitus' dance or restless twitching may be a sign of rheumatic fever.



HEALTHY CHILDREN are a joy to parents, an asset to our country. Keep them so by building up their resistance to colds and disease.

Once a child has had the fever he has to be closely guarded from colds and nose or throat infections. There is a tendency for attacks to recur, though months or even years may intervene. If he does get a cold, put him to bed, no matter how slight the attack is, and call the doctor.

The best preventive measures are rest, and, above all, proper clothing, good, nourishing food, and avoidance of infection as much as possible.

Foods, such as milk (pasteurised for preference), meat, fresh fruit and vegetables, and wholemeal bread all help to build up the resistance to any of the complaints they are apt to get.

## BEAUTY HINTS

TO protect your lips against chapping, smooth lanoline over them. Give it a moment to sink into lips, remove surplus, and then apply your lipstick.

HUGGING the radiator or fire will bring red and purplish-looking blotches to your legs. For beauty's sake avoid them.

CALAMINE lotion may help to banish blotches and spots from your skin. Paint it on very thickly each night for a week. Remove in the morning with good soap and water.

IF the skin of your legs is rough, soften it with nourishing cream at night, and scrub your legs in the bath with brush or loofah.

## Handiest thing in the house



The trade-mark Vaseline is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company.

**Why** are colds, coughs, and influenza relieved so quickly by Edinburgh Cough Mixture?

**Because** Edinburgh Cough Mixture (sold by chemists only) is the only cough mixture to contain an anti-cold vaccine which directly attacks cold germs.

AT ALL CHEMISTS  
**EDINBURGH COUGH MIXTURE**  
CONTAINING AN ANTI-COLD VACCINE

## Cosy rest for baby...



HERE YOU SEE a close-up of the stitch to aid you in the working of this airy-fairy but cosy vest.

• Easy to knit, soft and light as thistledown.

JUST a suggestion: If you want to be very practical and give something of daily use to a cherub, knit two or more of these vests.

If you can't get ribbon to thread through yoke as a tie, crochet a rope and finish ends with tiny bobbles.

Materials: 1oz. Lady Betty 3-ply wool; 1 pair No. 8 knitting needles; medium-sized crochet hook; ribbon for neck.

Measurements: Chest, 15ins.; length, 12ins.

Tension: 6 sts. to the inch.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl;



THIS VEST, if carefully laundered, will fit infants up to six or nine months. One coupon (plus 2oz. wool) will make two vests.

st.-st., stocking-stitch; wl. fwd., work forward; sl. slip; tog., together; m.-st., moss-stitch.

### FRONT

Cast on 50 sts. (Do not work into back of sts.) Work 2 rows in st.-st.

2nd Row: K 1, \* k 2, wl. fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o. Repeat from \* to last st.

4th Row: Purl.  
5th Row: K 1, \* k 2 tog., wl. fwd., k 2. Repeat from \* to last st., k 1.  
6th Row: Purl.

Repeat the 3rd, 4th, and 6th rows 16 times, then the 3rd and 4th rows once. Now work 12 rows in m.-st.

Next Row: M.-st. 12, cast off 26 sts., m.-st. 11.

Continue in m.-st. on last 12 sts. until 18 rows have been completed. Cast off. Return to 12 sts. left for other shoulder, and work to correspond with one completed.

Work another piece in same manner.

### TO COMPLETE SINGLET

With warm iron and damp cloth carefully press work. Join side and shoulder seams. Work a row of d.c. evenly round neck.

2nd Round: 4 ch. to stand for treble, miss 1 d.c., \* 1 tr. between next two d.c., 1 ch. Repeat from \* to end. Joining with sl.-st.

3rd Round: Sl.-st. into sp. 3 ch. to stand for tr., 2 tr., 3 ch., 3 tr. in same sp., miss sp., \* 3 tr., 3 ch., 3 tr. in next sp., 2 ch. Repeat from \* around neck.

Work edging round armholes, omitting the 2nd round. Thread ribbon around neck.

## What would you do?

ALLEYNE LESLIE  
answers some questions on  
WEEK-ENDS.



Q.: The lovely city cousin has been invited to Prue's country home. But, alas, seems more interested in Prue's boy friend than the local scenery. Well, . . . what's Prue's best line?

1. Sulk and get huffy?  
2. Accept the challenge and beat her visitor at her own game?  
3. Give her every chance to make a fool of herself in front of Tom (an extra troublesome hack to ride, for instance)?

A.: Beat her at her own game and with her own weapons, my dear. Probably you'll find Erasmic Cold Cream on her dressing table. Invest in some yourself—it softens any little "sun lines," gives your skin a luscious well-cared-for look. Then it's up to you!



Q.: On the very first date, the new boy friend has invited June home for his next week-end leave. Should she—

1. Excuse herself with "Oh, well, maybe after we know one another better!"  
2. Accept then and there?  
3. Wait for an invitation from his folks?

A.: No, 3, June dear. And when that all-important visit does come they'll think you just as smart as you LOOK. So do use Erasmic Vanishing Cream. It gives your complexion an entrancing, soft finish and holds powder for ages.



Q.: You'll be meeting a lot of strange folks on that first week-end. When you're being introduced, for whom should you rise?

1. Brothers?  
2. Sisters?  
3. Parents?

A.: Parents only—unless his sisters are very much older than you. You'll be in the limelight, so don't try to get by without that glamorous Erasmic routine. Knowing your complexion is flawless will add no end to your poise and give you a winning way with other women as well as inspiring the masculine heart.

**ERASMIC CREAMS**  
in tubes and jars  
1/2



INDIGESTION? Neutralise those excess acids...protect the tender lining of your stomach. Take Bisurated Magnesia. It goes to work right away...gives quick relief for indigestion pains. Bisurated Magnesia is sold at all chemists and stores.

BISURATED MAGNESIA (Trade Mark "Bismag")





*Glowing Beauty*  
with  
**Cashmere Bouquet**



11d

*Face Powder*

Rachel Peche  
Sungold Hawaiian Tan





**VICKS  
VA-TRO-NOL**

**3-WAY  
RELIEF  
FOR**

**STUFFY NOSE  
DUE TO  
HEAD-COLDS  
AND  
CATARRH..!**

Just put a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril.

1. Shrinks swollen membranes.
2. Relieves irritation.
3. Helps to clear clogged nasal passages and make breathing easier.

A FEW DROPS UP EACH NOSTRIL

**VICKS  
VA-TRO-NOL**

**New Under-arm  
Cream Deodorant  
safely  
Stops Perspiration**



1. Does not rot dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

ARRID is the largest selling deodorant. Try a jar today!

**ARRID**

2/- 4 oz. Jar. Also in 5 1/2 oz. Jar.  
At all chemists & grocers selling toilet goods  
Distributors: Fessenden & Johnson Ltd., Sydney

**Eczema Itch  
Cause killed in 3 days**

Your skin has nearly 50 million tiny seams and pores where germs hide and cause terrible itching. Cracking, Scabies, Peeling, Burning, Acne, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Blackheads, Pimples, Foot Itch, and other skin troubles. Ordinary treatments give only temporary relief because they do not kill the germ cause. The new discovery, Nixoderm, kills the germ quickly, and is guaranteed to give you a soft, clear, attractive, smooth skin in one week, or money back on return of empty package. Get guaranteed Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day and remove the real cause of skin trouble. The guarantee protects you.

**NIXODERM now 2/-, 4/-**  
For Skin Sores, Pimples and Itch.



**YOU'LL LIKE THEM THIS WAY:** Bake large potatoes on rack in oven, slit with sharp, pointed knife, scoop out pulp, pound with grated cheese, chopped parsley, spot of butter, pepper and salt to taste. Pile back into cases, toast a delicate brown, and serve.

**Home-tested recipes**

• Cash prizes have been awarded to readers for these sound, up-to-date recipes.

**HOMEMAKERS** who want to add seasonable, home-tested recipes to their collection will welcome these.

Don't forget to enter your best recipe in our weekly competition. It may win you a cash prize.

**SAVORY BRAIN PIE**

Skin 4 sets sheep's brains, and simmer them gently for 15 minutes. Drain well, and chop finely. Add salt, pepper, and a dusting of nutmeg, 1 tablespoon orange juice, and 1 lb. cooked ham or lean pork finely chopped. Mix all thoroughly and place in a greased pie dish.

Peel and remove pith from one small orange, slice finely, and arrange slices on top of brains. Sprinkle browned breadcrumbs over all, and dot with good beef dripping. Bake 15 to 20 minutes in moderate oven, and serve with creamed potatoes.

Another way to serve this dish is to cook the brain mixture in separate dishes, and serve with orange quarters which have been rolled in breadcrumbs and fried a golden brown.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. D. L. Paul, 39 Winifred St., Adelaide.

**SPAGHETTI WITH GREEN PEPPER**

(To use with the meat course when potatoes are scarce, or as a separate luncheon dish)

Four ounces spaghetti, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 small green pepper, salt, pepper.

Drop spaghetti into a large saucepan of boiling, salted water, to which a small piece of the green pepper has been added. When water comes to the boil, cook rapidly for 13 minutes.

Have ready the grated cheese, salt, and pepper, and the remainder of the green pepper cut into thin strips.

When spaghetti is done the required time, strain it quickly into a wire sieve and shake to remove all water.

Then replace in the hot saucepan, add cheese, salt, pepper, and green pepper. Place lid on saucepan and shake vigorously for a few minutes. Serve at once.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Oldham, 2 Pachuca, Fairlight Crescent, Manly, N.S.W.

**CARROT PUDDING**

Four ounces of beef suet, 6oz. plain flour, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 cup sugar, 4oz. sultanas, 4oz. currants, 2oz. lemon peel, 4oz. raw grated carrot, 1 tablespoon treacle, 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda, 1 cup hot water, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon salt.

Mince or chop suet, rub into flour and breadcrumbs, add sugar, cinnamon, salt, fruit, and peel. Stir in grated carrot, then add treacle. Put carbonate of soda in hot water, and mix all together. Put mixture into a damp pudding-cloth, tie firmly, and boil three hours.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss F. McNeil, 5 Frederick St., Unley, S.A.

**CUSTARD CREAM BISCUITS**

Two ounces custard powder, 2oz. self-raising flour, 1oz. sugar, 1 1/2oz. good dripping, a squeeze of lemon juice, milk and water to mix, if necessary.

Cream dripping, sugar, and lemon juice together very thoroughly, then mix in flour and custard powder with sufficient milk and water to make a fairly stiff mixture. Turn out, knead lightly, and roll out thinly. Cut into fingers or fancy shapes, prick them, and place on a greased baking sheet. Bake in a moderately hot oven till golden brown, about 15 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Joyce Hope, 16a Ness Ave., Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

**NATURAL FEEDING BEST FOR BABY**

By Our Mothercraft Nurse.

IF young mothers fully realised the importance of natural feeding, why it is so much better for their babies, their own well-being, so much easier and more economical than artificial feeding, they would make every effort to overcome any difficulties attached to breast-feeding.

A leaflet giving some important points on successful natural feeding

has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be sent free if a request, with a stamped, addressed envelope, is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."



**SLEEPING BEAUTY**... Last week Barbara Jeffery (4 months) slipped into town with mother on a shopping tour. When our photographer saw her rosy cheeks, deep blue eyes, he wanted to take her picture. Mrs. Jeffery smilingly agreed, but when all was ready Barbara just closed her eyes and her tiny, clutching hands, and went fast asleep, like this.



**DON'T APOLOGISE** for your old iron frying-pan. Many good cooks prefer iron to aluminium. Ida Lupino, Fox star, pictured above, uses it to saute meats, fry fish, also pancakes. She likes it!

**ORANGE CARAMEL PUDDING**

One and half ounces sugar, mix with 2oz. breadcrumbs, melt 1 teaspoon butter in 1 cup milk, and pour over breadcrumbs and sugar. Cover and set aside.

Take juice and grated rind of one orange, and add to a well-beaten egg. Stir this into the breadcrumb mixture.

Pour into greased pie dish, and bake in a moderate oven for about 25 minutes or until set.

Just before the pudding is quite cooked, light the grill and make it very hot. When pudding is cooked sprinkle top with sugar. Place pie dish under the grill, and grill the sugar until it is really burning. This makes a delicious caramel on top of pudding.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Narroay, Kadina, S.A.



**BLONDE  
discovers amazing SECRET**

For a long time her hair had been going darker. Its distinctive blonde beauty was fading.

Then she started to wash her hair at home. And discovered this amazing secret... that only Sta-blond can bring back that lovely 'lighter' colour to faded fair hair. It succeeds where ordinary shampoos fail—simply because it is made specially for blondes.

You, too, can give back to your hair its lost golden beauty—and keep it. For Sta-blond prevents fair hair from darkening and keeps it shining and lustrous always.

**Make Eight Bottles  
Of Nice To Take  
Cough Remedy for  
Cost Of One**

Wise folk will save money by making their own family remedy for overcoming the ills of winter chills by simply adding a bottle of "HEENZO" (costs 2/-) to sweetened water, thus making one pint or the equal of eight bottles of the best ready made up cough remedies that would cost up to £1. "HEENZO" is guaranteed to act as quickly as any remedy known to medical science, and as it is nice to take and does not contain harsh drugs it is equally good and safe for all members of the family.



**You are  
the one he  
depends on...**

You, Mother, are the most important person in your child's existence. Yours is the responsibility of seeing that his diet lacks none of the vital elements necessary for robust health and sturdy growth.

Horlicks is a complete food in itself, containing all the elements necessary for sturdy growth and physical development. Horlicks contains up to 15% body building protein. One-half of this protein is derived from full

cream milk, one of the very best "protective" foods.

Calcium... essential for the formation of sound teeth and strong bones... is present in Horlicks to the extent of 77.2 mg. per ounce. In addition, the natural milk sugar and malt sugar in Horlicks produce extra energy almost at once. These natural sugars pass into the bloodstream very quickly and do not tax your child's digestion.

Children love Horlicks. Its malty sweetness satisfies their natural craving for sweet things, without overloading the stomach.

Horlicks is so economical too. You can buy Horlicks in tins, 3/- or handy glass jars, 3/-. (Prices slightly higher in the country.)

**HORLICKS**

**For Your Emergency Store**

In an emergency, the whole family could live on Horlicks for an indefinite period. It is a complete food, sustaining and nourishing for old and young, in health and sickness. It needs mixing with water only, and can be taken cold. It keeps indefinitely if the lid is replaced firmly.







*Glowing Beauty*  
with  
**Cashmere Bouquet**



11d

*Face Powder*

Rachel Peche  
Sungold Hawaiian Tan